

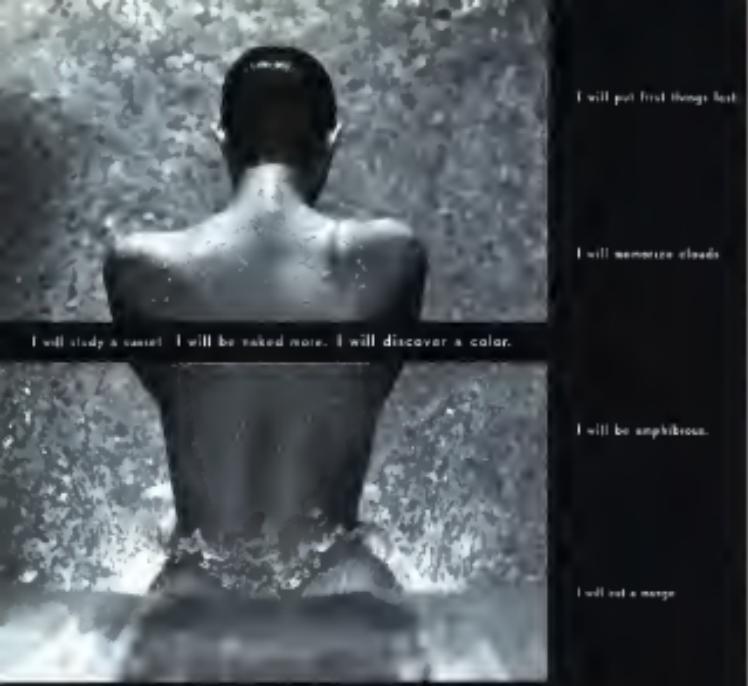
THE  
SIEGE OF  
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# Maclean's

## KIDS WHO KILL

SPECIAL  
REPORT:  
Why three  
young Canadians  
committed  
murder





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# Maclean's

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

AUGUST 18, 1984 VOL. 101 NO. 33

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McGill University's legal scholars are on trial charged with libel in a case involving former Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa. One scholar died. Another faces a \$1-million fine.



RONALD WOOD/CP

## Kids who kill

With the fear of homicidal youths silencing a shrill edge to the debate over proposed changes to the Young Offender's Act, Maclean's profiles three teenage killers: a B.C. youth who raped and strangled a six-year-old girl; a Nova Scotian who, at 13, shot a neighbor for no apparent reason; and a 16-year-old boy who killed his family.

## The siege of Haiti

The UN Security Council raises the stakes by authorizing a U.S.-led military invasion to restore ousted President Jean-Bertrand Aristide to power. But the country's de facto government refuses to back down.



## Confusion time

Bloc Québécois Leader Lucien Bouchard entered the Sept. 12 Quebec election campaign—and at once contradicted some Parti Québécois promises. While the vote for people outside the province appears to be a choice between federalism and separation, the reality for Quebecers appears far less clear-cut.



# Copycat Criminals

The following is a guest editorial by Michael A. Waldman, Editor, *Cari-Media* in Toronto last week on a temporary assignment.

**R**eturning to Canada generates a cold culture shock. It is experienced in a sort of realization that it is not normal, at a bank machine, to check for teller's fingerprints nearby or, walking in the city, to avoid wide and word side-streets, especially after dark. It comes with the realization that the biggest danger posed by a gang of kids in a Toronto bistro, sitting in jeans run down by a Rodeo-herder's slater cloth on pool in a hill hockey game.

Perhaps that home-grown sense of personal security is false. Possibly, in this week's *Maclean's* cover stories on violent juvenile crime may indicate where Canada is really lagging, just as so many other aspects of everyday life. To catch up to U.S. communities



Observe police investigate a fatal shooting by a teenage gunman in March, remaking America?

they are truly heading in urban America's direction. In Washington, in an effort to reduce gangplay at the public schools, pupils are required to wear school-style metal detectors as they enter and leave. School officials are talking about similar patrols in school hallways. Still, the shootings go on, often for what seem to be frivolous reasons. In one recent shooting in a school corridor, the young teenager with the handgun explained that he had been told by other students that his victim had been "talking trash about me" in a workplace setting. In another case, the evidence was that a youngster finally shot a burglar while adult simply because the victim was white.

Studies by social workers conclude that stricter discipline and pun-

ishment may do little to curb violent criminal juvenile. On the contrary, in the culture's tone, young people are provoked by adult violence, especially a golf tournament. Because a badge of honour. Usually the victims of juvenile shootings in the United States are other teenagers, and most often black. U.S. government statistics show that firearm homicide rates are highest in the 16-to-24 age group, but a close second are among those from 15 to 19 years old, the vast majority African Americans.

In the plague of violence among urban American youth continues, an indicator of the future in Canadian cities? Ferderick Mathews, a community organizer challenged with the Central Toronto Youth Services organization, feels that the race factor in American juvenile crime is appearing in Canada. "Kids will tell us what's going on in the streets on American television, American news and papers and they start mimicking that form of race religion"—even though much of what they are saying is not based on the realities and needs in Canadian race relations.

But Mathews observes that, in a vital sense, it is irrelevant that the usual leaves behind U.S. violence may not exist in Canada or that violent crime among Canadian youth may be a media-created phenomenon. "Once the kids start fighting, then you begin to establish a hierarchy of control, which will have its own life." The answer, says Mathews, is for adults to take young people seriously and to graft rehabilitation programs onto legal institutions that hold young criminals responsible for their behavior. There is still time, he concludes, for Canada to avoid the U.S. example of an ever stiffer law-and-order response. "Once you have to do that," he says, "it's already too late."

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## Maclean's

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Better Homes & Gardens

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PG Leader Jacques Pariot with wife Lucille Lepointe, self-government

## LETTERS

### Sovereignty appeal

I have noticed that your columnist Peter C. Newman is a strong opponent of the Quebec sovereigntists. I have no objection to his position, but his economic arguments that an independent Quebec would be attractive as a location for expansion ("Why business will flee a separate Quebec," The National Business, Aug. 11) are simply silly. Corporations will stay, or leave, or move to a sovereign Quebec purely on grounds of international competitiveness, such as low tax rates and low costs of doing business. With respect to currency, Quebec can have a dollar that is as strong or weak as it wants, which could be tied to the U.S. dollar, to the Canadian dollar, to gold, or to no reference point at all. Their opinion may indeed be part of the attraction that sovereignty has for the Parti Québécois. The capacity to change things for the better is surely at the heart of any virginal sovereigntists.

N. R. Egan,  
Nepean, Ontario, Australia

### Career choices?

Your article ("Condition critical," Cover, July 25) notes that a just-graduated medical student "is moving to Montana to work at a community that offered her \$25,000 and will require her to work only one night in four." I think it is important to remind Canadians—that is, medical graduates—that, while internships in the United States

higher education in Canada is available to more would-be medical graduates because universities are subsidized by the taxpayer public. In my long career as a doctor, I have been privileged to work with many young, hardworking physicians in Canada who, I believe, did not choose their career because of a possible shortage outcry. Perhaps the medical student in your article has confused a career in economics with one in medicine.

Jean Wheeler,  
Dundas, Ont.

I fear that you have perpetrated one small, although widespread and significant, minor error. In reporting on a newly granted option in regarding an employee's greatest concern—earning \$120,000, I expected that you meant that she will earn \$120,000. Taking into account office expenses, patient plus consultations, liability insurance, the lack of benefits, professional associations and holidays, and so forth, her salary may not even reach \$80,000. These days, most of the so-called rich doctors are practicing high-rate specialists for 70 to 90 hours a week. The honest ones work out to about that of many highly skilled manual workers. It is indeed fortunate that the country has enough physicians with the idealism necessary to continue to practise a profession which, although it may not always personally rewarding, remains gainful, with regular hours and a reasonable rate for error.

De Chantal T. Long  
Boucherville, Que.

You raised a significant issue that is engendering a fundamental change in health care—a change in philosophy and direction imposed by politicians from coast to coast. This shift allows bureaucrats, committees and councils run by interest groups to make resource, devise health-care agendas

and make crucial decisions in present and future patient care. As a result, the doctor has become merely a provider of services. His resource base, tools and crucial decision-making are governed by others. Hence, administrators and planners are on the increase, and medical personnel, beds and resources are on the decline. The disheartening fact is that patients usually believe that this is for the best—and they become too ill to consider the impact of this change on medical decision-making by the doctor.

Dr. Diamond Alphonse,  
Ottawa

Your cover story points up the urgent need for preventive healthcare education. It is too late to reduce costs once the illness or disease is full-blown. The medical establishment, inaction in concept and practice, with its guiding orange, needs some humility, such as supporting alternative holistic practices, good nutrition, healing touch and spiritual energies, as well as cultural sensitivity as valuable and sustainable initiatives for comfortable nurturing the system. There is a wealth of common sense out there—it is inexpensive and not dependent on obscenely expensive technology.

Linda Steiner,  
Primer Group, B.C.

### On behalf of Izzy

Your article "On deadly duty" (World, July 15) concerning the death of Capo Mark Freyl laid while on a Canadian mine-clearing team in Croatia was the only one I read about the incident that was correct, in every way. The story was great, and your correspondent deserves a pat on the back. It was there when Izzy was killed. What I'm trying to say is thank you. I know that Izzy would have done it for us, so I'm doing it for him.

Stephen Stacy Merriman,  
GMB Belleville, Ont.

### Make them pay

Forgive my ignorance, but what is wrong with the costs of airports being borne mainly by their users rather than by all taxpayers ("Shared landing," Canada, July 23)? It is the majority of governments doing every thing for all of us that is driving us to economic crisis. Please don't think, Transfer Minister! Douglas Young

Greg Stinson,  
Cochrane, Alta.

Yours is a welcome revision, but below is my suggestion: remove money but allow way to be used for space and shelter. Please submit your ideas to your telephone number: River Letters to the Editor, 1000 Lakeside Drive, Suite 200, Mississauga, Ont. L5J 1C9 or fax: 905/629-1778.

# Price war.

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# OPENING NOTES



Air Canada check-in counter at Toronto airport; above left

## RESERVATIONS, PLEASE

**A**ir Canada's new reservation system is causing a headache for passengers at airports across the country. For weeks after the slow and cumbersome system, RIS81, was introduced in early April to improve the airline's accounting and scheduling efficiency, Air Canada was plagued with long delays in telephone reservations and at check-in counters. Air Canada customers have been acting angry—and have taken aim at Air Canada employees, who are already under stress from using the complex new system. Anxiety has been so intense, says a senior spokesman who asked not to be identified because he is an Air Canada employee, that several check-in agents have suffered severe stress-related illnesses. He added that in April, employees at

addition, Air Canada has hired and trained 200 new reservation and support agents to improve service. Air Canada representatives say their new accounting efficiency, which averages speed of call answering, is now returning to normal. "The situation is really improved," Robertson added. But some glitches persist. Likely because the new system requires more time to perform cost tasks, last week in the Toronto airport, for instance, passengers checking in for a flight to London grew restless as they waited to be free for an unusually long time. As the passengers grew impatient, an Air Canada supervisor had to call an air traffic officer to quell the anger. Now, passengers fear of check-ins.

## BEST-SELLERS

### FICTION

1. *The Collector's Prophecy*, James Rollins (1)
2. *Emmett's Geography*, W. P. Kinsella (1)
3. *The Crossing*, Cormac McCarthy (1)
4. *The Bridge of Tolerance*, Robert Walser (2)
5. *It's Not Me, It's You*, John Grisham (1)
6. *The Chamber*, John Grisham (1)
7. *The Gift*, Dennis Lehane (1)
8. *Playing for Keeps*, David George (1)
9. *The Hippopotamus*, Reyan Pele (1)
10. *The Stone Diaries*, Caryl Churchill (1)

### NONFICTION

1. *In the Kitchen with Nigella*, Nigella Lawson (1)
2. *Kids Are Worth It*, Dr. John Gottman (1)
3. *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, Dale Carnegie (1)
4. *The Psychology of the Morning*, Steven Brule (1)
5. *The Concierge's Children*, Diane Davis (1)
6. *The Nine Who Say Yes*, Mary Anne (1)
7. *Moving Beyond Words*, Linda Sparsas (1)
8. *A Journey Through Economic Times*, Mike Keenan-Gilliland (1)
9. *The Agenda*, Ted Musso (1)
10. *Above the Law*, Paul Volcker (1)

Compiled by Brian Berthiaume



Banky: a deadtree approaches

## SHADES OF GREEN

In the high-profile world of professional baseball, money has increasingly become a way of keeping score. As the major-league players' Aug. 28 strike deadline approaches, MacLean's often finds itself pitting the pros on the green money, that is, not artificial turf.

Average salary of major-league baseball players: \$3.6 million

Average salary of Canadian gas station attendants: \$13,600

Wages, based on 162 three-hour games, for a player earning the maximum salary of \$340,000 demanded by the baseball players' union: \$500 per hour

Minimum wage in Newfoundland: \$4.25 per hour

Average Canada's lagging executive, Toronto broker Lawrence Bloomberg, earned per day in 1993: \$13,300

Average San Francisco Giant outfielder Barry Bonds earned per day in 1993: \$30,000

Average amount that a Canadian name earns per day: \$104

Average per-day bill New York Mets catcher Bobby Bonilla wants to see if there is a strike: \$44,295

1993 salary of Los Angeles Dodgers outfielder Darryl Strawberry, who hit .300 with five home runs and 12 steals: \$5.5 million

Total charitable donations to Save the Children Fund Canada: \$3.4 million

## THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

"Ever since there were Gobemours in Newfoundland, they have been cracked," Newfoundland premier Joey Smallwood said in 1954. Last week, Newfoundland played host to three Gobemours—George Bush, Jean Charest and Brian Mulroney—who had evidence to those words at least in the political sense. For the second year in a row, the former president came to fish or salmon on Labrador's Atalantic River in a guest of Newfoundland businessman Craig Dobias. He weighed in for two days by the Conservative leader, who caught a few pounds, while Bush remained dry-gouled. Bush may have fared better fishing with Mulroney, who showed up the day after Charest left. Before his arrival, Charest complained to Charest that "Brian can only stay one day because he's got some engagement somewhere else." In fact, the ex-prime minister was located in Charest's house in the Eastern Townships—for dinner. Perhaps they had fish

## OUR TORTURED HISTORY



Gordon Bennett and Canadian athletes concerned about



Gordon's Sonie Weaks: help from the south

## PASSAGES

### MARRIED

Deputy Prime Minister and Environmental Minister Sheila Copps, 41, and Austin Thorne, 46, in a Roman Catholic ceremony, in Ottawa. It is the third marriage for Copps, the second for Thorne, a labor consultant.

Any treasurer of the Canadian Federation of Labor, Copps, who was first elected member of Parliament for Hamilton East in 1984, has one daughter, Danielle. Thorne has three children. Following a press conference, the couple left for a honeymoon in the Caribbean.

**DEAD:** David Reichmann, 36, son of Ralph Reichmann, who along with brothers Paul and Albert built the Toronto-based Olympia & York Developments Ltd. real estate empire, in Tel Aviv. A police spokesman said Reichmann was found dead in his Tel Aviv apartment, suffering a heart attack at the age of the rest, believed to be 70. Avry and the relatives will bury him in Beersheva, where he was born. Despite Israel's religious strictures, he could be buried in his home. After selling his stake in the firm's real estate holdings for a reported \$100 million, Reichmann moved to Israel three years ago and founded Doron Communications, which acts as a telecommunications hub between the U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv and the state department in Washington.

**APPOINTED:** Mike Widmer, 51, Canadian ambassador to Ireland since 1988, as chairman of the University of Notre Dame in Ireland. Toronto native Widmer is a 1968 Notre Dame graduate, played for the team in Augsburg from 1969 until 1970. He has practiced law, attended the Harvard Graduate School of Business and worked as an investment company executive before being given a diplomatic posting by Prime Minister Brian Mulroney.

**DEED:** Mensch is Wales co-founder Margaret Augustine, 62, in Bradford, Ont. The Bradfod native Augustine, who moved to Bradford in 1956, helped start the program—which delivers old men in wheelchairs to their houses—three decades ago through the local Red Cross. From there, Mensch and her husband quickly spread across North America.

**PARD:** By a resounding country music legend Willie Nelson, 61, his income tax bill, after a 14-year dispute with the U.S. Internal Revenue Service, Nelson said the outstanding balance, which once ballooned to \$4 million, was paid off for \$25 million after negotiations.



# On the road with a reformer

BY DIANE FRANCIS

In repressive Mexico, President Carlos Salinas has much to be travelled by helicopter from Los Pinos, the president's official residence, to a farmers' rally on the outskirts of Mexico City. Some 35,000 cheering campesinos wave their sombreros as we arrive! A mariachi band punctuates a series of speeches that praise the president and his agricultural reforms. Salinas speaks, too, and handed out several symbolic cheques to mark the start of a program to help small, inefficient farmers compete against the prolific, industrialized farmers in Canada and the United States.

Salinas' campaign even though he cannot seek re-election under Mexico's constitution. However, he, like the Institutional Revolutionary Party, known by its Spanish acronym PRI, and his policies are very much in the running. And even if this hand-picked successor loses, he has still scored an major moral victory. Single-handedly, Salinas has transformed Mexico from a dictatorial one-party country into a democracy. And the crowning jewel will be the fact that Mexicans will go to the polls on August 21 in what promises to be the country's first clean election.

Many Mexican revisionists—understandable, given past abuses. However, independent observers like Canada's ambassador to Mexico, David Winkfield, are convinced that the indigenous are in place to really eliminate inflation and electrical fraud. Even opposition party leaders I interviewed are convinced that the country's new computerized card system and impartial voting commission will do the trick. Their only complaint is that Salinas' successor, Ernesto Zedillo, has a staggeringly high campaign budget estimated to be as much as a million dollars each day.

But Salinas attempted to level the playing field somewhat last month when he asked the media to devote more time and space to alternative candidates. "This is the most transparent election in our history," Salinas ex-

*Mexico's Salinas continues to push his program of social and economic reform even as his term in office ends*

plained. "This is the first time in our electoral history that the man responsible for holding the election is fully supported by all parties and major political organizations. Secondly, this is the first time the main opposition party, the National Action Party, recognizes the seriousness of the voter's role. That is the first time Mexico has had national observers and the first time international observers. This is the first time citizens are handling the electoral rules and not political parties. That is the first time the attorney general is responsible for verification."

Mexico has profoundly changed since Salinas took over in 1988. He brought about economic reforms to clean up the country's fiscal mess, then set about with social programs and democratic reforms. Before Salinas, the media was either government-owned or severely restricted. Journalists critical of the regime disappeared or were threatened. No-winner censorship was commonplace. Government officials routinely brief journalists. Even independently owned newspapers were controlled because they were only allowed to buy newspaper from the government.

When I first began travelling regularly to Mexico in 1990, journalists would not openly

criticize the government in public but would lower their voices to a whisper. Now, discussion is open and newspapers publish all viewpoints. And Mexico's once presidential candidates participated in a televised debate that was watched by 50 million people.

Ironically, Salinas' reforms have landed an important platform to Mexican guerrilla leader Subcomandante Marcos, whom I also interviewed just days before I travelled with Salinas. Marcos catapulted to world attention when he and his small army of 2,000 Mayan Indians staged a surprise attack on January 1, striking four towns to protest against Salinas's agricultural reforms and living conditions in the southeastern state of Chiapas. By Jan. 13, the fighting had ended and soon after, Salinas' government offered a conciliatory agreement, a pledge to negotiate grievances and amnesty for all rebels.

Marx is no longer a wanted man, but revolutionaries stalked and hidden in a jungle area the size of New Scotia. About 30,000 Mexican soldiers have surrounded the region. Through carefully selected media access, Marcos now enjoys a bit of world-wide fame a long shadow over the election. He regularly changes residence, evades Mexican systemic corruption and avoids the public investigating action. Most recently, he has called for a convention of peasants to nominate different candidates and demand a transitional government. "Americans and Canadians think this is only an Indian movement, but that is a mistake," said Marcos. "The majority of people on my army are Indians, but the demands are national. Mexico has a national problem of liberty, justice and democratic freedom."

Salinas has gone a long way towards addressing these problems. He has cleaned up the country's finances and devoted the budget to social spending, up from a fraction of that when he took office. "We have a long way to go in reverting the poverty in Mexico," Salinas said during our helicopter ride. "But there are more today in Mexico than the day I took office. Every Thursday and Friday for five years I travelled into the country. When [Mexican rebels] in Chiapas happened, many people 'discovered' poverty in Mexico. All those years I have been going in villages and communities to help poor people. We brought about economic reform and simultaneously had a determined social program."

"And it is an irreversible admission of his part in past failure," Salinas added. "If we hadn't worked so strongly on the social side, a movement like that led by Marcos would have erupted immediately throughout the rest of the country. But we are committed to building a democratic system, and I will build the presidency over it whenever we win the election."

Salinas charged Mexico's mudges along progress as very much the outsider. No matter what the election's outcome, everybody could win. The rally completed and my interview over, I asked Marcos who he thought would win. He cast back: "Mexico will win the election."



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CANADA

## Catching the wave

*The falling dollar drives up domestic tourism*

**A**t postcard-perfect Peggy's Cove just northeast of Halifax, it is what Nova Scotians call a "gawd" or "lucky" day. The sky is a great blue expanse, the sun is gleaming and the Atlantic is lapping at the granite shoreline. A bugger plays, the gulls cry and the two buses roll in to discharge scores of visitors. "We know because it was going to be a bumper year," says Tedson Beale, whose family runs Beale's Harbour, an art, craft and fashion shop in Peggy's Cove. "But right up to the end of June—if you had asked me—I would have said it was nothing but a razzor." Then, July brought a wave of tourists after all. And in the wake of several soggy winter seasons, they are a welcome sight in Beale and his fellow businesspeople. "The weather's great and that has a lot to do with it," he says. So does the low Canadian dollar. "A lot of people from Quebec and Ontario see us," reports Beale. "They're coming down here for the first time rather than going to Maine or Vermont or other favorite spots."

The low Canadian dollar has, in fact, sparked a boom in the domestic tourism industry. Although only 39 per cent of all Canadians planned to take vacations this summer, according to a March survey by the Conference Board of Canada, most of them—80 per cent—said they would travel

the country rather than travel abroad. That is about the same proportion as last year, but 10 per centage points from the years before that. And those numbers may understate the true state of affairs, since the survey was taken in March. Canadian currency tumbled another point to hover around 72 cents on the U.S. dollar. Meanwhile, according to Statistics Canada's most recent seasonally-adjusted data, Canadian made 1.6 million overnight trips to other countries in May, down nearly 10 per cent from May, 1990. The bargain-basement dollar appears, consequently, to be attracting foreigners. In May, the tourist record month for which figures are available, 283,000 people visited Canada, up nearly 10 per cent from last year.

All that has left tourism operators on the U.S. side of the border too pleased. John A. Johnson, director of tourism information for the state of Maine, says that 2.5 million people had crossed the Canadian border into Maine by the end of June, a 22 per cent decrease from the same period last year. To stake matters worse, he says, "Canada is a very good bargain right now, so a lot of Americans who may have come to Maine for three nights are staying one, and then going to Canada." The Canadian tourism industry, he says, is "getting a real boost because of this exchange rate."

The low Canadian dollar has, in fact, sparked a boom in the domestic tourism industry. Although only 39 per cent of all Canadians planned to take vacations this summer, according to a March survey by the Conference Board of Canada, most of them—80 per cent—said they would travel



A parasailor flies over a water bomber off Peggy's Cove (top); a red boat\*

According to the Conference Board survey, the largest share of Canadian travellers—nearly one-fifth of those who were planning summer holidays—intended to vacation in Ontario this year. While that would be a slight easing germane to our all-those tourists intended to cross into Lake Huron's Chi-Cheemaun Ferry or to Tobermory, Ont., on Aug. 1 long

weekend, but a good many of them did. The ferry sails to South Baymouth on scenic Manitoulin Island four times a day. And by 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, the parking lot was full and cars were lined up three-deep on the road—enough vehicles to fill the next 100 farms, and then some. Susan Scott, manager, regional supervisor for the company that owns the ferry, says the Aug. 1 total was 12,000 vehicles by the end of July, a three-percent increase over the same period in 1990. One of the passengers on the holiday weekend, Tara Reynolds of Toronto, and the few Canadians who influenced her decision to spend her vacation dollars here, say, "It's a great value."

Whatever their rationale, other Canadian tourists are seeing man over man rising from sun-soaked destinations. News reports of late July that fluoro were lacking at the outlets of Peaflock, B.C., a resort town in theanagan Valley, prompted a low-level cancellation, says Michael Campbell, president of the local chain of restaurants. But the vacancies were quickly filled by others en walking distance. "Things are booming here; I'm happy to say," adds Campbell. The lie has now been largely contained and Campbell points out that a new or actually enlarged the tourist area in the city. But visitors flocking to St. John's could not help but notice a lone figure from the hills hanging over the surrounding hills.

The rush on Canadian tourist sites, however, has a downside as far as Guy Tardif is concerned. A 38-year-old snowmobile company representative from Blainville, Tardif was in Town on an business in mid-July. He drove back towards Nova Scotia early one Sunday morning, arriving in Quebec City at about 5 p.m. "I thought about the reservation thing," says Tardif. "But I drive North America all the time and it's been no problem." On this occasion, the hotel where he usually stays was fully booked—as were the next three hotels and motels he tried. "There was almost a crisis," says Tardif. "You'd see the same people parking in behind you at each hotel." Finally, Tardif gave up and drove another 200 km to Rivière-du-Loup, where the situation was even worse. "I had never seen anything like it—it was bizarre, unbelievable," says Tardif. "I thought they were a special event, but evidently it was all tourists." Unable to find a room, Tardif tried Miramichi, N.B., to no avail. "By that time, it was two o'clock in the morning," he says. "That was it. I just drove through." Tardif finally made it to Halifax, after 20 hours on the road. "I can still not over it," he says, a week after the Labour Day. In that case, while he is recovering, he should probably avoid trudging with the tourists at nearby Peggy's Cove.

MARY NECHT at Telemedia and  
MELISSA MacCANN in Peggy's Cove

# A political comeback?



## BACKSTAGE OTTAWA

BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

level, have an easier time and a leader Canadians find endearing. As for their policies, the Tories deserve either credit or blame for starting many of the same economic and social reforms the Liberals now embrace. The Liberals, arguably, became the government by putting a more sympathetic face to the same policies, and benefiting from the use of regional power. In a post-referendum election, the Tories could suffer a new sympathetic face, while benefitting from the collapse of the Bloc, and the inherent disappointing performance of Preston Manning. They would not win, but they could place ahead of the NDP and Liberals, and re-establish themselves as an alternative to the Liberals.

For that to happen, they must survive several potential setbacks. Tories are terribly nervous at the prospect of a book about the Mulroney years scheduled for October release by journalist Steve Cameron. Two certainties are that it will be well published, and it will be best-seller. (But Tories worried about a Rita Campbell tell-tale book can rest easy, the outline Campbell has offered publishers—which has prompted little enthusiasm)—but

so much later.) A more pressing concern is the likely outcome of the Quebec election. If the PQ wins, relations between Quebec and the rest of the country will move rapidly into deep freeze. Charest will not be active in the provincial campaign, but he will be, he is planning new speeches on Quebec's constitutional future shortly after Sept. 12, one in Quebec City and the other outside the province. He will also visit his St. John's riding on Sept. 20 to 21. Those measures seem certain to boost Charest's profile at a time when the country is contemplating its newest cause of angst.

All of which is to say that the political future of Charest and the Tories is exceedingly tied to a No vote in a referendum. But if the secessionists win the referendum, those who still like the Tories and despise the established order can take heart: they won't have Jean Charest—or that matter, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien or anyone else from Quebec—to kick around any more.

# Invest in a Miracle!

The 1954 Bannister/Landy "Miracle Mile"  
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"The Miracle Mile" has captured on film has been translated into a limited edition book and video. Order now for a limited edition price.

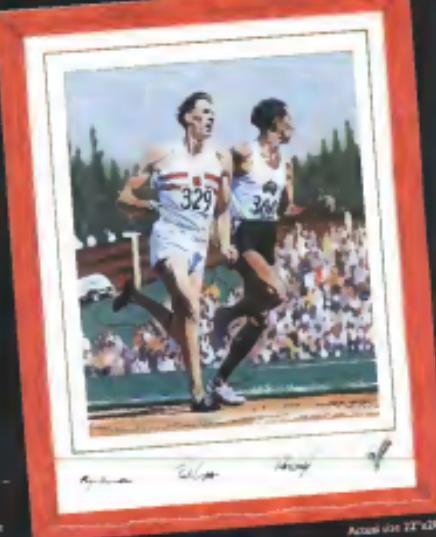
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the "Miracle Mile," please send me:

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B. \_\_\_\_\_ \$19.95 x 1,000 = \$

GST (%) = \_\_\_\_\_

PST (%) = \_\_\_\_\_

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Tax = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

I. GST is uniformly

PST is uniform

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

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Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Initials \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

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# THE SIEGE OF HAITI

Facing a U.S.-led invasion, a pariah regime shows defiance

The United Nations ended the invasion, but over again Haiti's military leaders refused to fold. Just hours after the UN Security Council voted 12 to 1 last week to approve a resolution, co-sponsored by Canada, authorizing the use of military force to remove the pariah regime that ousted democratically elected President Jean-Bertrand Aristide in 1991, Haiti's de facto president played another card. In a late-night speech on national television and radio, Emile Jeantyssaint, HL, secured the international community's unlikely packaging up on a poor, mismanaged island nation.

"The battle of Haiti is under way," he declared. Through bombardment and intimidations, through exchanges and isolation that clearly stave primary racism and denial of all our values, here we are at a point where, openly, war is declared on a state threatening no one, our international peace and security. Today Haiti, tomorrow what other sovereign state? Jeantyssaint then declared a state of siege.

For weeks Haitians were awake for the parades broadcast. And most of those who were could not watch or listen to it because of a US energy-and-trade embargo, state-run Electricité d'Haiti generates only five hours of a week. That collapse, which has already caused prices of most goods to skyrocket and driven at least 25,000 Haitians out of work over the past two months, could soon tighten. The Dominican Republic last week agreed to allow alternative surveillance of its 200-kilometer border with Haiti to test the frontier against fuel smuggling. In the Haitian capital of Port-au-Prince, US Embassy spokesman Stanley Schrager and then US Dominicans and other soldiers, including 15 Canadians, were expected to be stationed at the border, which will also be patrolled by US military helicopters. Meanwhile, about 2,000 US

soldiers remained ensconced aboard ships north of Haiti, while broadcasts were carried out military exercises on neighboring islands.

Cavallo's support of the US resolution authorizing a US-led invasion represents a dramatic change in policy. On June, Prime Minister Jean-Claude Dole who

Senate, Bernard Samson, and last week that the head of the repressive military regime, Lt. Gen. Raoul Cédras, may step down as early as October but no later than January 31. But he agreed Aristide to follow suit. That plan won tentative support from US Senate Republican leader Bob Dole who



**U.S. marines guard the American Embassy in Port-au-Prince; victims of political violence (opposite); more than 400 Aristide supporters were killed this year**

should be given more time to work, calling military intervention "the last option" and "not an option that we favor." Last month, Foreign Affairs Minister André Guillet softened that stance, saying that the Haitian regime's defiance of the international community "can't go on indefinitely." But although Cédras now officially backs as an exile, Clinton made it clear last week that Canadian troops will not take part in it. "We want to maintain the role of Canada as a peacekeeper as long as the intervention is over, we are in a better position to play a very useful role," he said. Canada has already agreed to train police for work in Haiti once democracy is restored.

Offering a compromise solution to the political crisis, the president of the Haitian

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around the parliament building and closed off the streets bordering arms and police headquarters with a long line of troops in their high-backed uniforms. But despite Jeantyssaint's claim that Aristide would fight on, "we'll all our might and means," leaders of the 7,000-strong military clearly have sober ideas. They have reportedly told reporters that rather than try to defend against an overwhelming force of rank U.S. troops, Haitian soldiers will simply strip off their uniforms, return to their homes and decay any links to the military. Described as the "exceptional theory," the soldiers and their civilian allies will then launch a quixotic Haitian guerrilla campaign to force the invaders out. "We are prepared to poison ports, poison mines, assassinate," said Emmanuel Constant, leader of the Front for the Advancement and Progress of Black Haitians, a clerical community service responsible for much of the violence since Aristide's supporters. Many have died with Aristide have been killed to die for this year.

In another show of military defiance, unarmed police and platoons and set up a group of people waiting at bus in Port-au-Prince to apply for political asylum at the United States. US Embassy spokesman Schrager and police took away three of the worldwide applicants. Since the Clinton administration announced last month that it would no longer allow Haitian boat people to settle in the United States—about 60,000 have fled their homeland since Aristide was toppled—the number of Haitians applying for asylum at the in-country processing center at the capital has risen substantially. By about 1,500 successful applicants have nowhere to go as all commercial flights in and from Haiti have been suspended under the embargo, and the military government has rejected American requests for charter flights to take them out. Meanwhile, they fear for their lives. See Schrager. As the security situation deteriorates, these people could potentially be in danger."

Even as the war clouds gathered over Haiti, a perverse satire enjoyed the country's vacuous-pursuing president. "Mr. Jeantyssaint between the African gods will protect him," said Martine Durand Bertrand, a pro-Aristide lawyer and former chief of staff to Jeantyssaint. "He believes there will be a red over the sun." Few others in the repressive government appeared to see things any more clearly. "Why does everyone hate us?" asked one senior official, shortly before the latest bullet-ridden bodies turned up on the streets of the capital. "Why? You know we are doing good work."

ANDREW HELSLIN and  
ANDREW GARNER in Port-au-Prince

# When worlds collide

*Billionaire Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi discovers that politics and his vast business empire make a poor mix*

No matter what Silvio Berlusconi was thinking to himself as he addressed the Italian parliament last week, at least the feisty bid-forces ex-prime minister looked cool. On the streets outside Rome's Chamber of Deputies, though, backward cobblestones cracked in an August heat wave that made even Italian-style light a little brittle, the real chamber tempers flared and the moment's partisanship visitors, kept an eye out for trouble—a hand had erupted just a week before—as Berlusconi hopped off a subway train about how to deal with the obvious conflict of interest between his gargantuan business empire and his role as prime minister. But Berlusconi ignored the heckling of his deputies and focused on his role as a television Italian watching at home on television, more than aware who to trust Berlusconi and wondering if yet another government was about to fall.

The Berlusconi project can't. His empire remained unscathed. His blue cult stayed strong. "May we try an energetic experiment, but we could block it all the day which is drawing to a close," he said, taking confidence as opponents deplored gridlock. Then he and family: "We sold and I confirm that I intend to govern for a long time." He told the country he has no desire to add the qualifier, "but not at all."

He never named his pacts, but first in the question follows and their politicians will have to resolve soon enough what to do when the prime minister visits those television networks, dozens of newspapers and magazines, and one of the country's largest conglomerates of retail real estate, finance and advertising companies with sales of about \$13 billion last year and debts of almost \$4 billion. Can an independent congressional loan body expect to run a credible business system without consulting its chief? Is it fair to force Berlusconi to sell Fininvest SpA, the group of enterprises that took him 50 percent control? Can anyone even buy it?

The extent of his holdings would be a challenge for any country to regulate. But in Italy, where there is not even an Italian word for "blind trust," that is



## ASSIGNMENT

BRUCE WALLACE  
IN ITALY

broad new territory. And while the government searches for a solution, almost every law or decree it passes is tainted by the knowledge that a Berlusconi company somewhere, somewhere, will be touched by it. He owns even Alitalia, Italy's most successful state-run carrier.

The situation is complicated by the fact that four senior Berlusconi executives are also under arrest while being sought for allegedly helping Italy's tax police. For two years, Italian judges, led by the charismatic Antonio Di Pietro and armed with extraordinary powers to interrogate suspects without trial while evidence is being collected, have been uncovering a network of corruption throughout Italian politics and business. He (she) would know it quickly known as "longosca," or bribe-takers.

On July 29, police arrested Paolo Berlusconi, the prime minister's brother, who is also a Finance minister, on

charges of paying \$350,000 in bribes to tax police. And that same day, Bettino Craxi, a former prime minister and Silvio Berlusconi's political mentor (he is also godfather to one of Berlusconi's daughters), was sentenced to prison for eight and half years in yet another fraud. Craxi, who now represents the epitome of the corruption that was endemic in postwar Italian politics, remained at his villa in Taormina, refusing to return to Italy.

All this leads the socialist uncomfortably close to Berlusconi, 67, who was elected just last April promising to usher in a new era of honest dealing. His traditional conservative parties had been weakened by the bribery scandals, so Berlusconi, using this as a legitim government's best chance to clean himself of part of his empire, formed a new party, Forza Italia (Go Italy). He pledged to make Italy prosper just like France. He would solve Italy's crushing debt-head without raising taxes, and listen to workers' demands. Enough, he believed, to allow Berlusconi to eke out a majority in parliament in an alliance with non-parliamentarians of the Farida party, strongest in southern Italy, and the Northern

**Berlusconi,**  
**Emanuele**  
**and Barbara**  
**brother**  
**Paolo** (left);  
**charges of**  
**corruption,**  
**bribery and**  
**conflict of**  
**interest**

League, which wants to leave the grip of Rome's bureaucracy on the richer north.

But after five months in office, Berlusconi increasingly looks, walks and talks like a politician from the bad old days. It certainly isn't like the old Italy on July 14, when Berlusconi issued a decree allowing more than 500 corruption suspects to leave jail. He means the process of getting people while under investigation is an abuse of power by the judges (their role is, in fact, similar to a Crown prosecutor). Berlusconi accused them of being left-wing out to smear conservative politicians.

But the Augmentepoli judges promptly

resigned, and public opinion overwhelmingly sided with the crowding Di Pietro rather than a Berlusconi government. If it is 5 o'clock on a weekday afternoon in the central studio of Channel 5, Berlusconi's first and flagging network, located in a low-rise building on the crest of a Roman hill overlooking the Colosseum. The first signs of obesity, Berlusconi's speech is faltered, the night before. "Berlusconi will go on," because the headlines over the accusations of lawmaker Enrico Cuccia, who tells viewers that there is "no crisis."

But no one in the television screen can



government office sits cushioned and gold-hued in his low-slung sofa.

The press dubbed the decree "Save the Thieves," and Berlusconi finally responded. But as the anger around Berlusconi executives tightened, many people wondered whether Berlusconi had been overtly concerned with heading off the investigation of his company than with protecting the rights of the accused. Berlusconi was behaving, well regarding influential politician Mario Scava, like the president of Fiatwest, not the prime minister of Italy.

In fact, Berlusconi's福公司 Itala affairs seem to be little more than a subplot of the Palermo. The government's putting is carried out by the marketing armchair man of Palermo, Gianni Letta, the undersecretary of culture, was Palermo's deputy chairman. The new defense minister, Cesare Previti, is Berlusconi's lawyer. A former anchorman at one of Berlusconi's TV stations, Giandomenico Belotti, is now the government spokesman.

"Berlusconi should have used the unique opportunity the election gave him to show Italians that he had confidence in the system," says Augusto Tanazzaro, one of the country's most prominent tax lawyers and an adviser to several past finance ministers. "But instead, he has appeared defensive from the beginning, appearing to be looking out for himself rather than the country. He should be showing Italians how to work harder, live better, be more European."

That is what makes the early stalemate with Berlusconi so frustrating. "You must not believe in the parties of the past," gravitational, finger wagging Giacomo Sossi, leader of the Northern League, warned of Berlusconi during a parliamentary debate. "We must be a nation that does the job in the future. But Italians still do not know if Berlusconi can do that change. And if Italy really is evolving, it is moving towards the movement of European integration. If it is being pulled deeper into the bust of corruption and bickering that is as stereotypical, dull, and unengaging."

A look at television stations provides a snapshot of the contradictions and problems of a Berlusconi government. It is 7 o'clock on a weekday afternoon in the central studio of Channel 5, Berlusconi's first and flagging network, located in a low-rise building on the crest of a Roman hill overlooking the Colosseum. The first signs of obesity, Berlusconi's speech is faltered, the night before. "Berlusconi will go on," because the headlines over the accusations of lawmaker Enrico Cuccia, who tells viewers that there is "no crisis."

But no one in the television screen can

while a competing state channel's research, there is a long story about the newest allegations against Berlusconi. A *Wall Street Journal* article from the day before that conclusion has its role in the controversial 1999 takeover of MCA/Universal Studios' Concorde television by Italian Senator Giacomo Pataci. It is a complicated story involving leases of cable and an apparent swaying on the deal by Berlusconi, but the report explains it all with colorful graphics showing money flowing from one party to another. Berlusconi has maintained that he did nothing illegal, and he denied the scandal was a conspiracy. Clearly, the practices of the network news on *Cavaliere 5* though as far as there is no mention of the MCA/Berlusconi controversy on its 25-minute-long newscast. "It's a ridiculous story for us to do in our newscast," said one Cavaliere 5 producer with a smile.

Controlling television networks that reach 95 per cent of all Italian viewers is the most visible sign of Berlusconi's control of interest. His critics argue that it is unhealthy for one person, let alone a prime minister, to exercise such extensive media control. But rather than hoping to pressure to sell or at least part of the television empire, Berlusconi, in one of his first acts in office, alienated Italian viewers more by dismantling the five directions of state television reign. Most Italians agree that the blotted state networks, which have in many viewers as Berlusconi's channels, need cutting and that the existing board was

well suited to the task. But the notion of Berlusconi's opposition running almost all of Italian television provoked an outcry, and has yet to be resolved.

Television also undercuts the desire to secure the degree to which Berlusconi benefited from Italy's old system. To establish his near monopoly in private broadcasting, he coaxed up a coalition like Grazia for Lovers—handily the free-market Thatchertite approach he claims to want to bring to Italy. "Our old system was quite similar to a Soviet system there was a very strong state presence in the mass army," says Prime Minister Giulio Tremonti.

"Our capitalism was not so free." The new government has taken halting steps towards change. Tremonti, whose career was made outside government as a tax expert, is revising the tax code that is as complex that "we cannot tell exactly how many tax laws we have." Struggling the way Italian pig laws would also entail corralling, he says, because taxes were often the only way that companies could hope to comply with the myriad laws. And he wants to

allow local governments to collect taxes, which, he said, would curb the deficit by reducing the practice of local state collecting taxes and siphoning public money as the national government sees politically fit.

But Tremonti's changes are hampered by the fact that his law police force has been swept up in scandal, the charges against Paolo Berlusconi involve being officers of the force. The new wave of politicians may be trying to overturn the system, but the old regime still has some bite.

"I am frustrated because,

while the Italian economy is quite strong, the Italian image abroad is still of the prime minister's brother is bandit," says Giovanni Ruta, director of the respected CISERI, a private foundation that conducts sociopsychological studies on the state of the nation. "If Ira's foreign investors, I'm not interested in the fact that condominium businesses in northern Italy are turning big profits. I'm looking for a stable government."

Distracted by his personal troubles, Berlusconi has put off tackling the toughest problems facing Italy. With the lowest

birthrate in the Western world and an aging population already straining the pension system, pension reform is the key to any real attack on the national debt. But pension reform was not part of the budget passed last week before parliament recessed until the autumn. "What we need at this point," sighed Ruta, "is some quick, regular government."

"Look at this," says Senator Roberta Longo, as he points to the incomplete wall charts showing who works for whom in the various departments of the civilian management ministry where he is the undersecretary. "I can't even get the basic money to [pay] as she works here. Explain to me why we have the departments but 13 director generals. There is one director general I don't even find. We think he is living in the United States, still drawing a salary."

Everyone has stories about the Italian bureaucracy that goes unanswered all day, jobs for life, friends and loves appointed to government posts. Most are not apocryphal. But Form Italia polemists say they were still caught off guard by the extent of the corruption in the public sector. "On Form Italia belli-

ori, a new minister in pasta passing fat," says Longo, a former senior executive with the advertising agency Saatchi & Saatchi, who quit last January to sue Berlusconi's campaign. "The structure was not made for change but for continuity, and in many cases continually strong themes. Their attitude is 'trust us and we will clearly style, we'll wreck the economy.' We rarely thought that the wheels of state were really hot fire, but they are not. To our horror, we found that they are broken, and the bureaucrats have hidden the steering wheel."

This is a message that the new government has been trying to get out, everyone from bureaucrats to opposition critics and hostile journalists shall stop suite and let Form Italia govern. But critics argue that Berlusconi is trying to run the country in the same authoritarian manner he used in business, and that he lacks a tolerance for any criticism.

"He is a character, a guy who likes to be liked, and I don't think he enjoys being attacked in the papers every day," said one Western diplomat, who predicted that Berlusconi would be back in the private sector within six months. Indeed, Berlusconi had reportedly

that he had considered quitting politics during the storm over his decree. "To Berlusconi, politics is like a mistress," says one Italian businessman. "He will love her, but he will never marry her."

As the latest turbulent week in Italian politics closed, there was no appetite to dismiss the government and call new elections. Northern League Leader Bossi may complain that Berlusconi's election had postponed "a persistent conflict of interest" to the country. but Bossi has no choice in face the electorate again so quickly. They may choose to leave the hard choices ahead but, for now, Italians clearly want this government to govern, and to bring stability in the task. They want to know if a new order has truly arrived, or if it is to become a mess.

That erosion was pugnaciously displayed last week as Italian baron Gianni Spadolini, a former prime minister and elder statesman whose reputation remained unscathed throughout the deluge of scandals that washed over so much of the country's political establishment. The current crop of government ministers walked past the assembled crowds in Rome's historic district to no reaction. But when pallbearers carried Spadolini's coffin into the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, strains from the Pauline, with the setting sun casting its orange glow on the proceedings, applause rippled out from the crowd for its honest man.

Bettino Craxi did not attend. □

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MEXICO

# Read all about it!

*Local news media show a pro-government bias*

**F**ollowing a small protest outside Zedillo's headquarters in Mexico City last February, reporters and fast they saw Jorge Bustamante bundled into a car and driven away. The 25-year-old university student contends that he was detained and tortured by security forces, a claim partially supported by his medical records. After his release, Bustamante filed a formal police complaint—not went straight to the media. He said he was hoping that publicity would protect him from further abuse and that public outrage would force the government to catch such abusers. But nearly six months later, Bustamante's case remains in limbo, and relatively few people have even heard about his day in custody when, he claims, he was tortured with electric shocks and forced to eat with dead bodies. Only two of Mexico City's 30 daily newspapers covered the story. A reporter at one of those independent papers, who did not want to be named, suggested an ominous reason for most of the Mexican media's silence on Bustamante's plight: pressure from President Carlos Salinas de Gortari of fire. A presidential spokesman declined to respond to the charge. But Bustamante, for one, remains convinced that "there was a cover-up at the highest levels."

Governor meddling in the news media is nothing new in Mexico. It has been a fact of life ever since the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party, known as its Spanish acronym PRI, came to power 45 years ago. But in the past two years, as Mexico has moved tentatively towards democracy the state has loosened its control over the media. It now permits criticism of the government in

printed and broadcast, and allows opposition presidential candidates to be interviewed on television. Still, the government-media relationship continues to be overwhelmed by the inertia of a system in which journalists have been coaxed and co-opted into the official line. "There is a lot of self-censorship," says Jorge Zepeda, editor of the *Gaceta Joven*, July 27 (Century 21). "There is a network of contacts among publishers and government officials who are still playing by the old rules."

Supporting the establishment makes good business sense to Mexican media magnates. In the past, those who balked at exposing the government have had their careers with losing broadcast licenses or losing their supply of newspaper cut-off. With several state exits, the leaders of government and industry have developed a "you scratch my back/I'll scratch yours" relationship, says Francisco Tostado, a television critic with *Premio*, an independent weekly newsmagazine.

In fact, *Corte Alfonso*, a Mexican network of some 300 election observer groups, recently counted the country's two biggest television networks of stations that cover all during the countdown to the Aug. 21 general election in favor of the ruling party. The observers carried out a study showing that in the month of June the main television news show gave 70 percent of its airtime to the PRI candidate Ernesto Zedillo. Ponce de León, Salinas's chosen successor, got 11 percent of its election coverage compared with 11 per cent for left-wing Democratic Revolution Party candidate Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas Solórzano and eight per cent for the conservative National Action Party's Diego Fernández de Cevallos.

Financial pressures have also forced most newspaper publishers to support the government. According to industry analysts, the state buys a substantial amount of print advertising. Given that the majority of Mexico's newspapers and magazines would be forced to fold without these revenues, it is not surprising that most publishers censor themselves.

Exacerbating the situation is the fact that poorly paid reporters—salaries start at a meager \$630 a month—are expected to supplement their income with "envelopes" (drifts) sent to their bosses. That widespread practice creates cozy relationships between journalists and officials in the halls of power. Although the president's office announced two years ago that it would no longer insist on such payments, many reporters say that the PRI and state governments have taken up the slack. One reporter, who wished to remain anonymous, told *Médecins Sans Frontières* that Mexican journalists can make as much as \$60,000 a month in bribes while covering PR's candidate Zedillo's campaign. "About 80 percent go to PR per cent accept the envelope," said the reporter. "It causes them to have a distorted view of the facts."

Still, there are signs that Mexico's Fourth Estate is coming of age. The country's media men in the North American Free Trade Agreement has put pressure on the government to relax media controls, including its monopoly over newspaper distribution. And an armed peasant revolt in southern Chiapas state last January has increased demands for democratic reforms, including better news coverage.

Despite these changes, only a handful of newspapers are considered truly independent—and their combined circulation is minimal, less than 200,000; it is a country of 80 million people. Analysts say that real media freedom will only arrive in Mexico when the state relinquishes its remaining influence over TV and radio, from which the vast majority of people get their news. Until then, the status quo—the Jorge Bustamante will be largely untold, and uninvestigated.

SCOTT MORRISON in Mexico City



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# World NOTES

## SERBS REJECT PEACE

The self-declared Bosnian Serb assembly formally rejected the ideal international peace plan and endorsed a referendum to enlarge its republic by a map that would slice Bosnia roughly in half between the Serbs and the Muslim-Croat Federation. Western leaders denounced the decision, and President Slobodan Milošević of Serbia cut all political and economic ties to the Bosnian Serbs, whom he had previously supported in the 28-month-old ethnic war. Meanwhile, NATO warplanes bombed Serbian targets in Bosnia in retaliation for the theft of heavy weapons from a US depot near Sarajevo.

## A POPULATION EXPLOSION

A World Bank study predicts the Earth's population will reach almost 8.5 billion by the year 2050, nearly a 50-per-cent increase from the current level of 5.7 billion. Bank president James Wolfensohn condemns family planning as the way to break the cycle of poverty in the Third World, where most of the population growth is expected.

## GULF WAR RESTITUTION

The Kuwaiti government distributed almost \$2 million to 200 people who claimed the death of a relative or serious injury as a result of Iraq's 1990-1991 occupation. The first compensation it has received from Baghdad. Under the five-year terms that ended the Gulf War, Iraq is responsible for all losses from its invasion and occupation. Kuwaiti officials, firms and state agencies have issued \$130 billion in claims, which are being evaluated by the UN Compensation Commission.

## TURMOR IN NIGERIA

A Nigerian judge adjourned until Aug. 18 the treason trial of Moshood Abiola, who was widely considered the winner of last year's cancelled presidential vote. His arrest in April has triggered a long-dormant Nigerian civil fracture. Demonstrating for Abiola's release and a return to democracy, or, at worst, for one, launched a strike that has disrupted fuel supplies, pushed up world oil prices and forced many local businesses to close.

## RUSSIAN INVESTORS BURNED

Police in Moscow detained Sergei Mavrodi, the shadowy head of Russia's largest investment company, Mirna, who is suspected of evading taxes on earnings of about \$165 million. President Boris Yeltsin's government has called Mirna a pyramid scheme that was bound to collapse and said it will not reimburse millions of investors who have lost money after Mirna tripled the price of new shares.



**SURVIVAL:** Rwandan refugees stand near Goma, Zaire. Plagued by disease and armed thugs in the camps, Rwandan refugees streamed back to Rwanda, where an international relief effort gained momentum. Ottawa announced that it was sending 74 soldiers to the region from the Canadian Arctic Regiment who underwent special cultural sensitivity training to avoid the type of racial incidents that plagued their sister mission in Somalia. They will protect a Canadian field hospital on the Rwanda-Zaire border and communications experts in Rwanda.

## Serbian death camp

A Bosnian Serb army deserter and dozens of Muslim survivors have come forward with the first account of atrocities at a Serb concentration camp to be corroborated by both sides in the 28-month-old Bosnian war. Investigators preparing for war-crimes trials in The Hague magnified the witnesses' stories to paint a horrific picture of torture and murder at a Serb camp just outside the eastern Bosnian town of Visoko, where an estimated 3,000 Muslims died.

The deserter, Pero Popovic, a former guard at the camp and flat throughout the summer of 1992, Muslim prisoners were routinely shot by drunken death squads. Popovic added the executions were a nightly occurrence and that a Serb-dominated unit of the Yugoslav

army prepared the way for the "ethic cleansing" of Visoko by surrounding and disarming its Muslim population a few weeks before the camp opened in June, 1992.

One survivor of the camp, Rafiq Hadzic, said she had been beaten and sexually harassed by a Serbian soldier at her home in Visoko before being taken with her eight-year-old daughter to a hunger of Soca that was used as a barracks. Her husband, Tjek Sadić, had been arrested about one hour earlier and remains missing. During her 20-day incarceration at the death camp, she said, "I saw one man cut off by the Serbs and two others killed." She added, "People were beat in every day. Sometimes a dead body would lie in the hunger for hours before the guards came with a bag and took it away."

Every week Maclean's magazine brings you the events, the people, and the stories that matter. From a Canadian point of view. Because we don't just cover the news, we cover what matters to Canadians.

**Maclean's**  
What Matters to Canadians

# BEER WARS

Canadian brewers are competing for market share and investor interest

**T**all bottles, shabby bottles, dry beer, genuine draft, lite beer, extra strong beer and ice beer. These are just a few of the gimmicks that Canada's two major brewers have devised to keep consumers interested in their product. This summer will go down in beer history—it is remembered at all—because of a costly red building. Red Dog beer is the most prominent new entry by Molson Breweries in the perennial beer war that flares up each year as temperatures soar. But compared with last summer when Molson and John Labatt Ltd. rolled out their ice beers, one of their most successful product launches, this year's battle has been relatively low key. With the exception of a high-profile advertising campaign in Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia that began in May with billboards featuring nothing more than a mysterious cartoon drawing of a red dog's face, the country's two best brews have evaded their new-fangled introductions. "Consumers have become a little skeptical," says Dave Perkins, Molson's senior vice-president of marketing in Toronto. "After the 'genuine draft' wars and then the 'ice' wars, they've gotten tired of the hype." As a consequence, Molson has introduced Red Dog with no direct competition from Labatt.

If the battle for consumers is cooler than in the past, the competition for investors has heated up. On that front, the two companies, whose products using pure soy are basically indistinguishable, look significantly different. While The Molson Companies Ltd. of Toronto, the holding company that owns Molson Breweries, has sold some of its brewing assets and is concentrating on a strategy of diversifying into other industries, its bet on reliance on beer sales, Labatt has taken the opposite tact. The London, Ont.-based brewer is planning to buy a Mexican brewing company and has announced plans to sell many of its non-beer assets. But so far, neither strategy has won over shareholders who have allowed the stock prices of both companies to drift down



Buying ice beer in Toronto. "Consumers have become a little skeptical, a little jaded and tired of hype."

word. Even the financial analysts, who benefit from generating investor interest in companies, sound indifferent. "They're both having a mediocre year," says consumer products analyst William Chisholm of Louren Otridge McCutcheon & Co. Ltd. of Toronto. "Labatt has been a diversified company that's now getting back to beer. Molson is going the other way. Both strategies sound ok, it's just a question of whether either one of them will win investor money."

Despite their divergent approaches, both companies face the same problem: the beer industry is mature, beer consumption is stagnant and there are no radical new improvements that can be made to the basic product or its packaging. With the consumption of beer in decline—the average Canadian drinks about 13 litres of beer in 1993 than in 1980—in the population ages 16 to 24, Molson and Labatt are desperately searching for new avenues of growth. Even though beer

is still a highly profitable product, investors fear companies whose growth potential will push up share prices.

In that quest for growth in the 1980s, Molson and Labatt both plowed their brewing profits into a variety of new businesses. Molson's main investments were in Disney City of Mississauga, Ont., an environmental cleaning and sanitizing product company, and in retailers Beaver Lumber Company and Albermarle's Home Improvement Warehouses. Labatt stayed closer to home with investments in dairy and food products as well as in a variety of sports and entertainment businesses, including the sports network, TSN, and the Toronto Blue Jays baseball team.

To date, however, few of these investments have been as profitable as Viva! Molson got 30 per cent of its revenue last 10 per cent of its \$955.7 million in profits from beer in fiscal 1994, while it provided 77 per cent of Labatt's revenue and 10 per cent of its \$825-million profit. Says Andrew Guy, an analyst with Equity Research Associates Inc. in Toronto: "It's another example of poor performance by companies that have grown away from their core business." Added Jacques Ruelane, an analyst with Lazard Frères Inc. in Montreal: "You can easier do a good job of diversification. It's never a good idea."

For that reason, experienced investors tend to shun companies that attempt to buy their way into new businesses. Says Guy: "What do guys who work their way up through a brewery know about charcuterie—basically not much—and what do they know about making rock velvet, either? If they're throwing off a lot of cash and they don't know what to do with it, they should give it back to shareholders in the form of big dividends."

But Molson and Labatt are ignoring that call. Indeed, Molson says that it has decided to spread even more money on Disney in an attempt to improve Disney's lackluster profits. "We're going to put more money to make money," says Barry Jenkins, senior vice-president of corporate and public affairs. "We will invest more in areas of customer service to build the business." Molson president Michael Cohen told shareholders at the company's annual meeting in July that he wants to get Disney profits up and see an improvement in Molson's share price. "No one," he said, "is more impatient than me, but we need margins that compare for the longer term." Disney, which sells products such as Shantyland and Showplace products to North America, Europe, Asia and Latin America, appears to Molson largely because of its growth potential in developing countries. Says Judith

An, Labatt's vice-president of operations in Canada: "The countries, one of the first things to pick up are closer and stronger standards." Still, Disney's U.S. operations have lost money for the past two years.

Meanwhile, Molson reduced its beer business at 1993 by selling a 20-per-cent stake in its brewing company to Miller Brewing Co. of New York City. According to market share numbers generated by Equity Research, Molson is Canada's largest brewer with 18 per cent of the market. But its share has dipped in recent years, down from 22 per cent in 1989. Since then, Labatt has edged up two percentage points to 16 per cent. The remaining seven per cent of the market is taken by micro-brewers and imported beers.

For now, Labatt in the past two years has sold its dairy and food products businesses and announced that it intends to spin off some of its \$1 billion worth of sports and entertainment interests and a separate public company. Last month, it dramatically increased its exposure to beer, when it announced an agreement to buy a 35-per-cent stake in Mexico's Cerveceria M de la C, Mexico's second-largest brewer.

But with a price tag of \$270 million, analysts say that Labatt may have paid too much. Says Guy: "It looks to us like the beer they can do with that is break even." Koenigs adds that the lag's price is only justified if predictions of a boom in beer sales in Mexico's young population relatives develop age consciousness.

Despite Labatt's attempt to streamline its operations, the brewer is maintaining some interest in non-beer products. Last month, it emerged to a group of investors that it reportedly contemplated a bid for an interest in Madison Square Garden, the famous sports and entertainment complex in New York that owns, among other interests, the Stanley Cup champion New York Rangers and the New York Knicks NBA franchises.

Labatt refuses to comment on the report. The can company defends its reasoning: "We are at a natural extension of the core business." "We're not just manufacturers of beer, we're marketers," says Paul South, Labatt's director of public relations and communication. "A lot of our diversification has come out of beer-related activities."

Indeed, selling beer does seem to be what Labatt does best. The company is widely credited with leading the bar-pounding ice-beer market, using a new preservation technology that has received a U.S. patent and which Labatt is now licensing to other beer makers. "Ice beer has been a huge commercial success," says Smith. "We invented a product here in Canada that has quickly established itself in a permanent fixture in the marketplace." In Japan, Labatt says that its ice beer is now the second-best imported brand of beer. But, adds Smith, acknowledging that 1993 is a quarter year for beer less than 1992, "it's not every year that you get an 'ice' wave."

In fact, according to Molson's Perkins, 1994 is a year when the consumer wants to return to the traditional malts. "I think the Molson Canadian and Labatt beer...People are looking for value," he says. "We see more increased price competition." Perkins claims that even ice-beer sales in Canada will account for only about half of the 12 per cent of the market that they had at the peak of last year's summer season, as the novelty of the new product wears off. "Consumers are saying don't give us a bunch of hype," he says. "Give us a good beer." Now, that's something to drink to.

BRENDA DALGLISH





## Back in the black

*Profits are soaring as the recovery accelerates*

**W**illie Stinson does not control Canada's economy as a whole, but many investors—foreign and domestic—have long awaited the company that he runs as a bellwether for the rest of corporate Canada. Stinson, 60, is the chairman and chief executive officer of Montreal-based Canadian Pacific Ltd., which has major interests in mining, shipping, coal, oil and gas, hotels and telecommunications. These days, business in almost all those sectors is picking up, and Stinson—and a host of other corporate executives—is breathing easier. After struggling through the recession and limping to shareholders' grumble about their straight annual losses, his company is solidly back in the black. Last week, Canadian Pacific reported a \$188-million profit on revenues of \$1.9 billion for the second quarter that ended on June 30, up from a narrow \$1-million profit for the same quarter a year ago. "We're now happy with the improvement," Stinson said, and he cautions that it is still too early to expand the company's payroll. Declared Stinson: "We're not where we should be. We've got to keep improving."

Across the country and across most industries, the profit picture is also brightening—a sign that the economic recovery is finally be-

ginning to shift into a higher gear. A survey of 110 companies released last week by Dow Jones Canada Inc. showed that their total profits for the second quarter were \$8.2 billion, up from a total loss of \$800 million in the second quarter of 1990. And after sitting on their hands for most of the spring, investors are finally starting up and replacing. The Toronto Stock Exchange 300 index, which dropped from four months to a low for this year of 3,050 on June 24, has rebounded sharply, fuelled largely by the strong second-quarter earnings reports.

But while Canadian Pacific and many other companies are reporting large percentage increases in earnings, overall corporate profits are still well below their pre-recession levels. "You have to go back and look where we started," says Michael McCracken, president of the Ottawa-based forecasting firm IHS Inc. Total quarterly after-tax profits of Canadian corporations, compiled by Statistics Canada, hit a pre-recession peak of \$48 billion in the fourth quarter of 1988. Since then, they declined to a low of \$3 billion during the fourth quarter of 1991 before gradually starting to creep back up again last year. In the first quarter of this year, corporate profits totalled just \$7 billion. However, McCracken says this year, we'll get up to \$8 billion, in-

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### Ford plant in Germany: Ost's a sarge in exports

not going to get too excited."

In fact, many of the most impressive performances have occurred in companies that suffered the steepest reversals during the recession. One of the most glaring examples is Northern Telecom Ltd., which, in the second quarter of last year, posted the largest quarterly loss in Canadian corporate history—\$1 billion. This year, Nortel named a second-quarter target profit of \$35 million on revenues of \$1.1 billion. At many smaller companies, the story is similar. Last week, Fulcrum Technologies Inc., an Ottawa-based computer software maker reported a second-quarter profit of \$425,000, and a 74-per-cent jump in sales to \$8.9 million, compared with a loss of \$223,000 in the same quarter last year. "It's easy when you've had to lay off people to improve upon it," Fulcrum president Eric Goodwin said.

For companies of all sizes, much of the gains in profits is due to higher sales in the booming U.S. economy. That boom has sparked a strong surge in automobile and housing sales. Among the first to cash in have been Canadian automobile firms. Ford Motor Co. of Canada Ltd., for one, posted a second-quarter profit of \$70 million on record company sales of \$8.8 billion. These stronger sales and housing sales, in turn, have pushed up sales—and prices—of almost every materials, including steel, lumber, oil and other machine-made commodities. Canadian Pacific, which processes oil and gas and transports a variety of products to markets, has benefited at several levels. "We had a great year on our railway as export container traffic, in grain, lumber, forest products, minerals, etc., exploded," Stinson said.

Stinson added that the growth in exports is leading to rapid across-the-board price increases in carriage, causing corporate profits are still well below their pre-recession levels. "We're not a Detroit manufacturing unit in our city branch—Toronto, Mississauga, etc.—which means that business travel is still down," said Stinson.

However, despite the rebound, Stinson says Canadian Pacific, like many companies, is determined not to abandon the railroads. Railroads have faced new labour and wage increases. While railroads stand to benefit from wage increases, Stinson said bluntly, "We'll still be a long way off." For most Canadian engineers, it will likely be a while before the impact of the improvement in their employer's bottom line shows up on their paycheques.

JONATHAN DALY

# Business NOTES

## Win one, lose another

**C**anadian exporters severed one clear continuity and beatened another with the United States' recent trade deal. The United States' new North American Free Trade Agreement ordered the United States to impose a border tariff on Canadian softwood lumber, ending the most stubborn trade dispute between Canada and the United States.

The three-member panel decision means Canadian lumber companies will now get back about \$800 million paid in tariffs over the past two years to the U.S. customs department. In its ruling, the panel upheld another decision last December that determined that Canadian lumber is not, despite U.S. complaints to the contrary, subsidized.

Washington had challenged the December 1991 ruling on the grounds of conflict of interest. At that time, the U.S. forest industry lobby contended that Canadian lawyers Richard Dearden and Lorraine Hunter, members of the December panel, did not disclose all the legal work they did for the government and for industry companies. Still, the United States "failed to establish that a member of the panel was guilty of gross misconduct, bias or a serious conflict of interest," the extraordinary challenge committee said in its ruling.

Under U.S. trade law, products imposed with countervailing duties—such as those it imposed on Canadian lumber—must be proven to be both unfairly subsidized and to have injured the U.S. domestic industry. Since the challenge found no Canadian subsidy, the duties must now be removed and the proceeds returned to Canadian firms. Canada shipped about \$6.4 billion worth of lumber—or half of all the lumber produced in Canada—to the United States last year.

Canadian wheat exporters, however, fared less well last week. After months of escalating threats on both sides, trade officials from Canada and the United States hammered out a one-year agreement that limits duty-free Canadian wheat exports to the United States to the 1989/1993 level of 1.5 million tons. For

1993/1994, shipments of Canadian wheat have climbed to 2.5 million tons. Any wheat export above the set rate will face a 50-cent tariff.

In the initial stages of the confrontation, Trade Minister Ray MacLennan said he would not accept any quotas or caps on exports. At the time, Washington was threatening to impose import penalties on Canadian wheat farmers. The Americans argued that Canadian transportation policies and the marketing practices of the Canadian Wheat Board



Canadian lumber exports. Rifting border tariffs

contribute unfair subsidies. The Canadian government that growing U.S. demand for Canadian wheat was caused by the floods that devastated wheat-growing regions of the American Midwest last year. The subsequent compromise includes a "peace clause" that declares that neither side will retaliate for the next year.

Farmers and the Reform party criticised the deal, claiming the interests of western wheat farmers are being sacrificed at the altar of Quebec's dairy and poultry farmers. Reform party trade critic Charlie Pearson from Alberta told MacLennan that he is convinced that American trade negotiations have agreed to delay their path for more open access to Canadian dairy and poultry markets—many of which are in Quebec—in exchange for the limits on wheat. But said Pearson is "very sore time during the Quebec election, hoping for the right results there."



# Rebuilding Canada's fiscal architecture

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

**W**hile Quebec's election campaign draws to a close, most of us are ignoring this summer of our discontent mostly oblivious to Canada's other watershed issue: whether the economy can withstand the burden of our national debt. The two topics are not unconnected. They feed off each other: the more Ottawa cuts spending to reduce the deficit, the more trouble Jacques Parizeau can make for the defensives among Quebec voters; the more the secessionists become in their demands, the higher must our interest rates, thus increasing the national deficit.

The man caught in the middle of this agonizing dilemma is Paul Martin, who as federal finance minister has to consider the impact of his every public word, in case a casual remark sets off a rise in the already precariously poised Canadian dollar. During the couple of hours I spent privately with him recently, I found him surprisingly relaxed about his job and his country, confident that both will continue to flourish. "After all," he said, "I start with the basic premise that Quebecers want to stay in Canada. I say this as if it's Quebec. We lived over half my life in Quebec and in the past six months have spoken in every town and city of the province. They absolutely want to stay in it, but they don't want to be prodded in. They want a country that works, which is why Jacques Parizeau's state words have been so damaging to him. On the one hand, he says, 'Don't anybody try the politics of fear in this thing.' Then, he immediately runs the pall of fear himself. That hurts him. The ease with which Parizeau is able to insert his fear into his speech will sow the seeds of his defeat. Fortunately, he also has the habit of saying what he really thinks, which is enough to scare the hell out of anybody."

Paul Martin remains optimistic about the country's economic future, even though he has himself been widely criticized for doing more to reduce the deficit in his first bud-

get and them not meet them. Instead, he set it out precisely what it will be—a \$39-billion deficit this year; \$33 billion next year and \$35 billion the year after that. Then, the year before the next election, we'll set new targets and the voters will be able to judge us on what we've done."

Meanwhile, Martin is getting a little tired of business reporters who tell him to accelerate deficit cuts, but argue why their industry should benefit from special exemptions. The country's long-term economic solution, he maintains, must involve real productivity gains. "1973 was the break year," he says. "That's when the productivity of all Western economies started to drag, unemployment started to rise, debt began to soar—but nowhere worse than in Canada. Where Brian Mulroney made the most serious mistake was that after 1985 he didn't try to do anything with the deficit but allowed monetary policy to take over. The great battle John Crow waged should have been fought first on the fiscal side, by cutting government expenditures. We've got to rethink the role of the state, without it, make both government and the economy more productive."

Martin will be making an economic statement this fall, but instead of setting a mini-budget it will set out the options for the 1995 budget, which Martin hopes will restore the financial order-taker of the country. "People rightly feel they're entitled to a job," he says. "Our problem is that we've forgotten that. What we've got in a society that says people are entitled to the alternative of a job. Apart from its human dimensions, the effect of getting people back to work on the deficit would be simply overwhelming."

He discusses the threat of the International Monetary Fund coming into Canada, but states he will not use devaluation of the currency to help resolve the debt problem. (That may be a theoretical proposition, since the Canadian dollar has dropped to 72 cents from 80 cents in 1991 without the government's help.) "Devaluation always looks like," he says, "it'll solve your immediate problem, where you hide looking up in your real problems. Maintaining the integrity of a country's currency is essential, especially when you borrow in much money abroad as we do."

Although he fought Jean Chrétien for the party leadership, and gave Liberals still think he should have won, Martin has not stopped trying to fill his father's quiet Paul Martin Sr. on unsuccessfully twice before. Now with Chrétien, the career of federal ministers of state never had selected prime ministers as their bosses. Presently, only three exist: John Turner, Sir Charles Tupper and R.B. Bennett managed to occupy both offices, though only Bennett was elected to the top job. Paul Martin recently moved into an Ottawa condominium that was once the ground floor of Tupper's original house.

It may or may not be an asset. Either way, Paul Martin's next budget will decide his place in history.

**Maclean's**  
**DEALER OF  
EXCELLENCE**



## MACLEAN'S CONGRATULATES

# ITALO SARTORIO

**THE MOTOR DEALERS  
ASSOCIATION OF ALBERTA 1994  
MACLEAN'S DEALER OF  
EXCELLENCE AWARD WINNER**

**I**talo Sartorio is the president of Shagapappi Motors Ltd. in Calgary, Alberta. In August 1986, Italo emigrated to Canada from Verona, Italy, beginning his extensive auto career as a gas jockey, working his way up through the parts department and the accounting department to become Dealer Principal.

In 1975, he bought some land and a year later built his own dealership, Shagapappi Motors. In 1993, with 78 dedicated employees, Shagapappi Motors ranked number one in sales among dealers of the same franchise and third out of 87 dealers in the Alberta zone. Many of Shagapappi customers have purchased three, four and even five cars from Italo's dealership.

A s an active member of FADA for 22 years, Italo is used to being a winner. In June of this year, his dealership won the Driving Performance contest and a total of 10 Triple Crown Awards to date.

**I**talo is also very active in his community through the Alberta Special Olympics, the United Way, the Canadian Cancer Association and other local charities.

**Maclean's**  
Your Motor Dealer's Magazine

*Congratulations Italo!*

Throughout history, the image of the evil child has provided fire and mystery. In medieval Europe, superstitious peasants believed that children were particularly prone to demonic possession—and that deformed infants and imbeciles were actually sinister creatures called changelings, offspring of elves substituted for human babies. Torturing changelings did not, as hoped, bring about the return of the real baby but did confirm several superstitions to serious abuse. In the video age, millions of viewers have been hoodwinked by baby-faced evildoers of darkness in horror flicks like *The Shining*, *Candyman*, *The Omen* and *Saw*. The popularity of these movies is a testament to the public's sordid fascination with the possibility that a juvenile presumed to be innocent, naive and relatively harmless could in fact be a cold-blooded凶器. In Canada in 1994, it is the first of the homicidal adolescent-predatory and wildly unpredictable—that is now adding a sharp edge to the debate over how society should deal with young criminals.

Unlike the malnourished youths in Hollywood horror films or legends, adolescents in Canada kill real people—more than 40 a year on average. While that rate has remained relatively stable for decades, the number of adolescent charged with various types of assault, weapons offences, robbery and manslaughter has more than doubled since 1988. And a recent rash of machete—and highly publicized—beast slayings and stabbings by teenagers has pushed public anger to the boiling point. Even more shocking to many Canadians is the fact that a teenage killer can be freed as little as 12 months, that was the sentence served by a 16-year-old Toronto adolescent for a 1986 second-degree murder conviction. Public outrage over the perceived lenient treatment of juvenile killers and other violent teens prompted federal Justice Minister Allan Rock, a 48-year-old father of four, to propose a series of measures in June to toughen Canada's Young Offenders Act. That law governs crimes committed by youths aged 12 to 17; children under 12 cannot be charged with a crime, but may be placed under the supervision of provincial child protection authorities.

Among the proposed changes is the:

- An increase in the maximum sentence for first-degree murder to 10 years. The current maximum is three years in "closed custody" in a juvenile detention centre, followed by two years in "open custody" in a group home or halfway house.

- The automatic transfer of violent offenders, aged 16 and 17, to adult court—and later adult prison—unless it is clear they can be rehabilitated in the youth system. At present, the Crown must make an application to transfer more serious charges to adult court.

- Allowing the release of young offenders' names and records to school officials, professionals and even neighbors, but not to the media. The act currently forbids any identification of a youth charged with a crime.

*A rash of teenage  
homicides has  
pushed public  
anger to  
the boiling point*

# KIDS WHO KILL



• Compelling young offenders to participate in treatment programs. The current law allows youths to refuse treatment or therapy, even if it is recommended by a judge.

Rather than calming the public, Rock's suggested reforms have only fanned up the volume in the debate over juvenile justice. While opposition critics and opinion leaders demand stiffer penalties to hold youths more accountable for their acts, a loose alliance of lawyers, doctors, psychologists, social workers and criminologists want the state to spend more tax dollars on treatment programs for violent young criminals rather than on jails. Each side will be pushing its agenda before Parliament's standing committee on justice, which releases its findings on the amendments on Sept. 19—and will then a recessed changes before a final bill is presented for a vote next year.

Adding an explosive element to the debate is the continuing violence on the street. On July 31 in downtown Toronto, Valerie Cris, the 22-year-old son of former Canadian prime minister Maurice St. Léonard, died after his torso was sliced in a knife attack by a lone gang member during a reggae concert. The next day, a 14-year-old boy set up the front of a dance club near the city's SkyDome with a Brewster 3mm semi-automatic pistol and wounded a person in the back. In Montreal, on June 21, a 14-year-old boy was sentenced to three years in custody for literally blowing out the brains of Korean store owner Chul-Jae Cho, 36, with a 22-gauge shotgun during a robbery. In April alone, police charged a trio of Ottawa teenagers with killing British engineer Nicholas Batterby in a drive-by shooting while in Edmonton another three teens were arrested for allegedly killing housewife Barbara Daniels to death during a botched burglary.

Experts are quick to argue that the recent violence does not constitute a growing crime wave. Juvenile offenders have been around for centuries—the Roman emperor Nero dressed to diagnose when he was a teenager, stabbed old men to death and dumped their bodies into sewers. In Canada today, killings by kids are actually rather rare: of the approximately 75,000 convictions registered in youth courts in 1992, roughly 60 per cent were for property crimes—and less than one-tenth of one per cent for murder.

But it is not so much the crises in the sentencing that has become a political lightning rod. Manitoba Justice Minister Rosemary Visconti obviously praised Rock's move to lengthen sentences. "We support the changes but we are looking for more," she said. Coole Tousant, on the other hand, says that the aversion to automatically refer violent offenders to adult court—and, ultimately, federal penitentiaries—would be harmful to Canadian society. "Violent is violent," said Dr. Daniel Philippe Poiré, a maximum security psychiatric hospital in Montreal. Tousant's son, which has treated about 30 teenage murderers, however admits to college-style dormitory room riots rather than crime. The closely supervised youths are also offered high-school classes, sports activities, therapy and peer group counseling in such topics as conflict resolution—only rehabilitation programs that are scarce in adult prisons. "I think this proposal lies in error," declares Tousant. "Our adult prison system is going as violent as it's a miracle it doesn't blow up. And we're going to send kids there? It's like putting them in a graduate school for crime."

Along with the debate over punishment, there is little consensus on why children kill. On the following pages, Maclean's reporters profile three teenage killers in depth: a B.C. youth who raped and strangled a six-year-old girl (page 10), a Nova Scotian who, at 15, took a neighbor for an evening lesson (page 23), and a 14-year-old boy who gained power his family two years ago (page 39). What the youths have in common is a stunning lack of empathy for their victims in the heat of their crimes.

That's a characteristic that Montreal psychiatrist Louis Morissette, an expert in the treatment of violent youths, sees more often in his practice. "I get more adolescents who are almost borderline personality types, like the characters in the movie *Silence of the Lambs*," he says. "Many of these teens were hurt as children and now want revenge. They take pleasure in inflicting pain." Morissette says it is not just the kids who are ultimately at fault. "Adults are taking less responsibility for things in life. They are less committed to their marriages, their jobs and spending time with their children." In a parting shot to all parents, he cautions: "Don't blame schools or laws for these meager kids—look at yourselves and what you're doing at home."

PAUL KAHIA

# THE DARK SIDE OF JASON

*Neighbors were unaware that the youth was already on probation for two sex offences*

BY CHRIS WOOD

**S**unrise sunlight left its golden-blazed shafts through the heavy branches, dappling the wet, brown teenage bodies. Laughing at their own boner play, the clutch of mixed boys and girls fought good-naturedly for a place aboard a holding court like it's a spin and drifted slowly on the river's current. Among them was the rube's answer, Jason Gansche, a handsomer, rather buxom youth, his black-brown hair plastered against his head. Apart from his height, a strapping 6 feet, 1 inch, there was nothing—certainly nothing, at least—not in August, 1993, on Vancouver Island, to set the struggling 15-year-old apart from his playmates. There most certainly was nothing to suggest that within weeks this same laughing boy would have an insatiable young child who molested adults, rape and sexually murder her.

The strangled life of six-year-old Dawn Stens on October 26, 1993, in Courtenay, B.C., a community of 12,000 people 380 km south west of Victoria, sent shock waves through British Columbia. Heron at the lifting release bled right, weeks later, when police arrested Gansche, Shaw's sex-and door-pounding boy in a townhouse complex, and charged him with the girl's murder. No one apart from investigators had suspected the possibly gay youth of harboring a hidden impulse so lethal violence. Lloyd Deneen, another resident of the complex and the spy who discovered Dawn's beaten and naked body, trusted Jason so completely that later that night he took the teen in his bed his two young sons. "I never dreamt in a million years that it could be him," Deneen says now.

But there was a side to young Jason that his neighbors knew nothing about—one that was, and may still be, a mystery to Jason Gansche himself. What the neighbors did not know was that the youth was already on



probation for two previous minor infractions. What no one knew, although police quickly began to suspect it, was that the police young man, the captain of his high-school rugby team, was also brutally capable of murder. Physical evidence collected from the crime scene, however, pointed directly to Gansche. Carded with the spot where evidence eight weeks after the crime, the youth confessed. After nearly a year of assessment by court-appointed experts, Jason's case was raised to adult court last fall, and his case came up public. On April 5, a B.C. Supreme Court jury in Victoria convicted him of Dawn's murder. He is now serving a life sentence.

That sentence, however, hardly closes the case on Jason Gansche. Now still only 17, he

will be eligible for unescorted release from prison by Christmas, 1999. He will then be 33, an age when many violent sex offenders are reaching their predatory peak. In his first-ever interview—with *Maclean's*' late last month—Gansche made it clear that he does not want to follow in that pattern. His defense, in fact, was those of most ordinary young people of his age: "A job, a stable family, something I'm not crowded," he said. But Gansche also appears to accept that these ambitions must remain on the far side of a major life fence until he understands the contradictions in his character well enough to control his own deadly potential. "That will be a tall order." Twenty two months after the guilty, Gansche said that he is "hailed" by his own capacity for violence.

Whatever monsters lurk in the soul of Jason Gansche today, they were apparently not evident in his childhood. His mother, Nicole, remembers the boy born in Beddoes, Alta., on Sept. 29, 1976, as an easy infant to care for, an easy-to-tickle toddler. Deneen, who was only 16 when she gave birth to him, was only 18 when he was born. She was a single mother, the son of her erratic life was getting buck on truck. Nicole, who had been living in Kirkland Lake, Ont., moved in Courtenay and took over day-to-day responsibility for Jason. Mother and son moved into a two-bedroom townhouse in a low-rent housing complex next door to an elementary school.

Jason, meanwhile, appeared to abide off his delinquent habits. He joined the Sea Cadets, completing a junior leadership course and becoming a summer camp with the group. According to Nicole, he made conscientious efforts to abide by a probation order forbidding him to be in the company of children under 12. And he was faithful in his weekly visitations at the John Howard Society. "I thought I was doing pretty well," says Gansche now, reflecting on his mistakes. His counselors gave him a few brief shots that summer and the previ-

ous Christmas, Jason had not seen his mother since 1986.

It was in Nanaimo that Jason began a rocky entry into adolescence. No longer the "delinquent" that both parents say he was before the separation from his mother, Jason had become withdrawn. At home, he avoided his mother, who tended to be an unbearable disciplinarian. Jason's closer relationship with Darren, three years his elder, had begun to deteriorate when the older boy began dating and spending more time away from home. At school, Jason fell in with an unruly crowd and began to play hooky. It was also in the fall of 1990 that the young adolescent's emerging interest in sex first became apparent. It found a portal early doors when Jason saw a portion of an sex video, belonging to his father, in which a woman performed oral sex on a man. The images became central to Jason's sexual fantasies.

Within eight months, they would lead him into his first offence: in March, 1991, Gansche invited a five-year-old boy to his home and gave him a toy in exchange for taking the teenager's penis in his mouth. Two months later, he took a 10-year-old girl into his father's bedroom, seduced her and asked her to do the same thing, when she refused, Jason let her dress and leave. Both children eventually told their parents what happened, and they reported the incidents to police. In November, 1991, Jason pleaded guilty to two criminal charges and was placed on 24-months probation. As a young offender, however, his convictions were not made public.

By the end of 1991, Dale Gansche had moved with his younger son to Courtenay, a chance dictated by the presence there of a John Howard Society's locational program for adolescent sex offenders. Still as 1992 opened, there was reason to hope that the teen's erratic life was getting back on track. Nicole, who had been living in Kirkland Lake, Ont., moved in Courtenay and took over day-to-day responsibility for Jason. Mother and son moved into a two-bedroom townhouse in a low-rent housing complex next door to an elementary school.

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By his 16th birthday, Jason's life once again looked promising. Worse, in fact, he had enrolled in his 12th school, George F. Vyner Secondary, about a kilometers and a half away from the Gansche residence. The athletic youth went out for the rugby team and was captain of the junior team. "He made a tremendous contribution," Vyner's Winter rugby coach, Mike. "He played hard, but he played fair. He was one of those kids that other kids respected." Adds the coach, with perhaps understandable pride: "He was a model person." The terrifying flaws in Jason's personality, though, were now in become evident.

Saturday, Oct. 26, 1993, was cool and dry in Courtenay. In the parking lot outside the Gansche townhouse, Children layered in the early autumn dusk. At 7:30, Carol Shaw, who lived with her husband in the townhouse next to the Gansches, called her three children down for dinner. When only 10-year-old Anthony and four-year-old Dawn responded, Shaw asked neighbors to help look for her missing middle child, six-year-old Dawn. A police patrol, responding to an unrelated call, was told about the missing girl and joined the search.

It did not take long. At 8:40 p.m., Deacon, anchoring a wooded area on the far side of the neighborhood school playground, came upon Dawn's body at the junction of two footpaths. The small form lying on the carpet of freshly fallen leaves was nude, legs splayed, face turned to the right. Lovin' braids and scratches clung to her torso and neck. She was seared on her chest and abdomen, and across Dawn's left cheek, her nose and upper lip, was the muddy imprint of a shoe's diagonal patterned sole. Her body was still warm.

It took less than four hours for investigators to focus on Gansche, who had spent part of the evening after the discovery of Dawn's body visiting Shaw's other children. A records check revealed Jason's earlier convictions. And just before 1 a.m., police knocked on the Gansches' door. Questioned closely, Jason acknowledged that he had played hide-and-seek with Dawn and other children at about 7:30. But he insisted that when the game broke up 10 minutes later, he had returned home to watch the final legnings of the World Series on TV. After the police left, asked Nicole, "Did you do it?" He said, "No, I didn't."

Less than four hours after they left, the police returned, this time with a search warrant. Jason calmly stood by his ardent accountant. The investigators, however, took the clothing that Jason had been wearing the previous day's black-and-purple track suit. And just before 1 a.m., police knocked on the Gansches' door. Questioned closely, Jason acknowledged that he had played hide-and-seek with Dawn and other children at about 7:30. But he insisted that when the game broke up 10 minutes later, he had returned home to watch the final legnings of the World Series on TV. After the police left, asked Nicole, "Did you do it?" He said, "No, I didn't."

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**Dawn Stens**  
Gansche to his victim  
gives his deepest: "I just  
had control of my throat and I  
started to choke her."

and a pair of black-and-white running shorts.

Whatever the "nothingness" experience, they appeared not to bother Jason. He agreed to take a polygraph test. "We're just making to worry about Jason," he said. "I didn't do it." Flown by helicopter to Victoria to take the first interview test, Jason was asked on one separate occasion whether he had killed Dawn. Each time he answered, "No." And RCMP polygraph specialist Sgt. Jim Schmidt was unequivocal in his conclusion. "It is my opinion," Schmidt told Jason in the presence of investigators, "you were being truthful to the questions of how it is whether or not you physically caused Dawn's death."

Back at Courtenay, Ganssche gave no indication that he was anything but innocent. At the two-hour-long complete, he helped a neighbor make and distribute pink lapel ribbons in Dawn's memory. Afterward, he openly discussed his statement to a reporter and his polygraph examination with his rugby team mates. "He wasn't lying," recalls coach Mike. "He wasn't [supposed] to feel nervous. There was no noticeable sign that something had happened."

Then, two months later—on the morning of Dec. 27, investigators called Jason and Nicole back to the Courtenay RCMP offices. With its detachment, Const. Lee Brashford presented the conclusions reached by forensic specialists who had examined Jason's clothing and Brown's body, as well as her discarded shorts, blouse and blue denim jacket. Red and black threads found on the jacket, Brashford explained, matched small strands from Jason's tracksuit and red fibers from an article that covered the sole where the Ganssches watched TV. The discolored patches on Jason's blouse, he continued, matched the ones etched in tan on Dawn's face. "The police officer concluded, 'why don't you tell us what happened?'"

Five days later, Jason asked for his mother to be present while he gave a new account of his actions on Oct. 24. Now, he admitted that he had walked with Dawn toward the schoolyard, and then lifted the little girl onto his shoulders. Carrying her, he quickly crossed the open playground and entered the woods. There Ganssche encountered Jason, the number, for one thing, Jason is an unusually accomplished surfer. "He fuggets," says Nicole. And Ganssche himself disputes the assertion that he has no conscience. "I have a conscience," he tells MacLean's at the federal Regional Psychiatric Centre at Abbotsford. BC. "I've had times when I've broken down and cried and screamed, thinking what it would be like to be my sister."

Psychiatrist John MacTavish suggests a different explanation, arguing that Ganssche may suffer from Multiple Personality Disorder. That inherent condition contradicts many experts' challenge to Ganssche's hypothesis that there are several "personalities" con-

sistent within a single body, often without knowing where of each other's names. MacTavish notes that Ganssche seems sound diagnostic criteria for the disorder, among them experiencing黑眼圈where he cannot remember where he has been or what he has done. Jason, indeed, continues to insist that he does not remember killing Dawn or even in-enacting the murderer for the police. Adds MacTavish, "Jason passed the lie-detector test. It could be explained on the basis that the user does not care."

The videotaped re-enactment user played an open court, so do doubt about Ganssche's responsibility for Dawn's death. But in the 18 months since the teenager's confession, a succession of psychologists, psychiatrists and social workers, to say nothing of his shattered family and shocked friends and neighbors, have struggled to explain his violent actions.



**Carol Steve holding Robbie at Dawn's hospital**  
**a desperate search for the missing girl**

Some of those who have examined Ganssche assert that he is a psychopath, lacking the human faculty of conscience. Relying on psychological testing and observations at the juvenile detention facility in Victoria where Ganssche spent 1985 in custody, psychiatrist Steven Sigmund declared, in a written report to the court, that "while Dawn does not yet fully qualify for a diagnosis of antisocial personality disorder [psychopathy], he certainly shows very strong traits of that condition."

But after nearly two years in custody, there is a startling new development in Ganssche's thinking. "There is part of me that likes Karl," he acknowledged, "because I get a lot of qualities that you need at the [juvenile] system." And indeed, it is hardly necessary to believe in multiple personalities in script, that a capacity for ruthless violence might find reinforcement within the frequently brief precipitation of a psychopathy. As it was without that deeply troubled Ganssche's lawyer, Keith Jones. Without appropriate treatment, argues Jones, "Jason will have gone in [prison] now, but Karl is going to come out. And Karl is brutal."

Gives the strong likelihood of Ganssche's eventual release that prompted a clearly unsettling For those outside the numerous facets that currently confuse Jason Ganssche, it is also a powerful reason to hope that the laughing, mischievous boy who drifted through carefree adolescence down the Courtenay River will someday mature, move on, from his private refuge into the dark. □

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While that admission fails to answer all the questions posed by Jason's actions, it is strikingly relevant in Ganssche's case, a diagnosis of his whereabouts inquiries. He had perhaps shortly after his release, "I am as if nothing ever happened to me in my life." He's mean, he's cruel, he's vicious. He's vicious. I want the old Jason back," together, the Ganssches decided to call that vicious personality "Karl," Ganssche's middle name. Speaking less than a month ago in Victoria, Jason elaborated, describing Karl as the side of him personally that takes over when he is at danger. "If I'm in the yard and three or four guys come up and start threatening me, I'm not going to be there," added Ganssche. "Karl is."

The issue is not just personality. While psychopathy is generally regarded as antisocial, manipulative personality disorder appears to be attributable to long-term therapy. Ganssche himself expresses the hope that a three-month program begun last month will bring his violent impulses under rational control. "If I can bleed [me] and Karl," he said, "I see some of my feelings and thoughts pattern will well control some of his. As more as I can get that together, I can start a new life."

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*Afterward, he slept so soundly that his father had to wake him to tell of the carnage*

# THE BOY ACROSS THE ROAD

Rita Jarvis with photo of her husband (left) "I have no feelings any more"

shot's shotgun. But he could not explain why he walked past several houses to murder Jarvis, a popular businesswoman and community leader, and try to kill his wife. "It just happened," he said, "I was angry, he had the MP."

The question of what sort of anger could make a Dylarowic assault that sort of agony still haunts all those touched by the crime. The boy, who turned 14 in February, planned study to second-degree homicide and attempted suicide and remained hospitalized a day. William Louis, senior president of the Nova Scotia Credit Coop in Waterfront, 100 km northeast of Halifax, where he works, is typical of his anger, and, according to his therapist, has already started the nation's first letter campaign to her son: "I have learned about the nature of his conduct, and that he has triggered the crime. Listen, when I relate to doctors what they have learned about the boy's conduct, will say only that 'his problems run much deeper than that.' Tony [Hoy], a RCMP [police] who worked on the case, says, 'It is impossible to believe that someone could do what he did for so apparent reasons.'

In Waterfront, seven months after the killing, a man is showing early signs of recovery. A rare September night pickup truck was shot as violent as things ever got in the woodsy fishing hamlet of fewer than 100 people. Waterfront, residents say, was the kind of place where one locked their doors when they left the house. Virtually everyone who knows the killer—whose identity cannot be published because he is a juvenile—calls him an intelligent, quiet boy who lived mostly in himself. The RCMP found that his only contacts with the law had been over such minor offenses as throwing snowballs at cars. And the psychiatrist who performed his previous assessment determined that he was reasonably normal—except for the fact that he failed to show the expected amount of remorse for his crime.

In retrospect, though, warning signs had been flashing. The youth, who usually carried a knife and was an expert shot, often stopped school to fish and hunt. He allegedly came from a home marked by poverty and domestic violence. His father, who used to work in the fishing industry, was specifically employed. It was common knowledge that the youth also had a drinking problem, as well as an addiction to shooting darts, which he began doing at the age of 6.

In fact, he said, it was a statement to the youth court in New Glasgow, NS, the events of Jan. 8 might never have happened if his father had not refused to go out in the freezing rain to buy him more tobacco. In stages, the boy went in a back door and loaded their shelves into his fa-

JOHN DEMONTY in Waterfront

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# A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY PAUL KAHILA

**D**own the main corridor in a Canadian hospital that doubles as a prison there's a stark contrast of pain: there's a 16-year-old patient who has suffered a heart attack and a 3-year-old boy who's just been exposed to the greatest woe. The insides of Robert's quarters could be that of any teenagers—an album of family photos and life open on the desk. It has the ubiquitous and dingy print of roses and deer, and a color shot of the smiling parents holding baby Robert and his brother as the two young matinéecrebs finally fill of hope and peace. "When I got these pictures a few weeks ago," Robert says thoughtfully, "I could see the great that they really did love me." But that simple realization, which so many sons and daughters take for granted, was far beyond Robert's grasp in March of 1992. That is when he took a 13-year-old projectionist student and methodically killed his 15-year-old brother, bludgeoned mother and 49-year-old father at the house they shared. Robert had just turned 14.

The hardened homicide detective who interrogated the young teen after his arrest that tragic night was shocked and baffled. Robert, whose face must have been as pale as chalk, cold eyes and fair hair parted in the middle. He could not explain precisely why he killed his parents. He just said that he felt a pressing need to do so. According to doctors, the self-spoken lad was not psychotic, nor did he suffer from hallucinations. There were no obvious problems at home; his parents were emotionally distant, educated professionals who rarely drank or argued. "In all my life, I never hit my body," Robert told Maclean's last month, in the only media interview he has given. "It sounds strange, but I'm not a violent person."

Yet there is no question that Robert—who is detained at the maximum security hospital awaiting trial—was deeply troubled, and his troubles had a long history. One psychiatrist who explored the mystery of why the boy put his family to death says a key clue lies in the personalities of his parents, two strict and distant law technicians. That kind of adult, psychologists say, often makes a poor parent—particularly in an overly withdrawn child. Whether because of his own greater makeup or his parents' aloofness, Robert was not as an endearing toddler as the type who would自愿 undergo a godly-like loss in his mother. When his family moved when he was 13, the neighbors later recalled, his parents seemed cold; his father was more interested in fishing, flowers and wine than in his two children.

The apparent absence of love and warmth

*The young killer looked like a choirboy and had no obvious problems at home*

had a profound impact on Robert, at a time when he was struggling with an acute identity crisis. Plagued by a growth disorder, the boy at the age of 13 was only the size of a three- or four-year-old. Classroom teachers, it seems, had encouraged him to "Toughen Up." Specialists noted Robert was growth迟缓, but the drugs had side effects. By the time he had caught up to his age group five years later, he had sprouted his bottom and small breasts. He was then in Grade 5 and enrolled at his new school. The other kids were hardly sympathetic about his deformity. They would taunt: "He's got mom ovaries."



**Bringing the body of Robert's brother; police surveying the crime scene; hypothesized he could not explain precisely why he killed his parents**

Excluded, Robert easily spoke or wrote. At home, he later told psychiatrists, his relationship with his parents was emotionally "dead." In his small, prissy world, Robert felt like a freak and a weirdling. He became obsessed with acquiring power. He tried weightlifting. He catalogued books about Nazi atrocities, the occult and magic spells. He was deeply impressed by Maestros Lee, the five-fifteen serial killer created by novelist Thomas Harris in the books *Red Dogma* and *Silence of the Lambs*. Robert watched the film version of the latter over and over. "Hanibal Lecter was so intelligent and in control of himself," Robert says. "He was cold and detached."

In Grade 6, Robert took up shoplifting and experimenting with drugs, hashish, LSD and cocaine. Robert may have wanted to show acquaintances at school that he was fearless and ready. And he knew just what to do it. While every adolescent male seeks some form of liberation from his parents, Robert began talking openly about killing them.

That was not a new idea. He had mordred about murder for some time. To Robert, his parents were not simply a sentinel presence, they were the very source of his misery. Their death would be far solution to all his problems, he figured. He felt like he could not live with them around. If he eliminated them, he could make his dreams of power.

With the new decade he was looking in his circle of prey came. Robert discussed ways of killing his family. He floated the idea of stabbing them in their sleep. Other plans involved locking them in the cellar and flooding it with methanol, or placing a bomb under the family car. He fired into her eye—pumped the gun. There was blood everywhere.

Then, and began making callowful threats and accusations to get his a gun. It seemed like the whole neighborhood knew of Robert's intentions—except his parents. His high-school principal had heard that he wanted to kill his family, but she did not know the tabs and tell anyone.

In March, 1990, Robert underwent cosmetic surgery to reduce the size of his brows. The trauma seemed to fuel his desire to rid himself of his parents, particularly when they grounded him after a complaint from school involving drugs. A short time later, on May 9, a viral cause, Robert got a shotgun and ammunitions from a friend. He told his pals, gathered in the local park, that this was the night—and ride home on his bike with the dark barrel of the gun protruding from a garbage bag.

"When I arrived home, my parents were upstairs, so I hid at the side of the house for one or two hours," Robert recalls. In the abysm about nervousness in his hospital ward. "At first, I was in a panic," he thought. "What are people going to say? If I don't do the killing?" After a little while, I remember my mind went blank, blotted out. So I sat on the ground."

Realizing that the guard would alert neighbors, Robert ran into the house. Upstairs, he found his brother reading a book in bed. The shotgun's magazine held No. 6 shells, each containing 2,025 lead pellets. Robert brought the barrel to within inches of his brother's mouth, fired and pumped a fresh shell into the chamber. He next loaded his gun with his parents. He heard a car. His mother entered the house first. He fired into her right eye—and pumped the gun. There was blood everywhere.

The teenager calmly stepped over his mother's body and faced his father, who was in the doorway, screaming, "What happened?" the father shrieked. "What are you doing?"

Without answering, Robert delivered two blows. His father collapsed on the asphalt, literally unconscious. Robert ran. He was an amateur gunner, still learning the game when he stopped. He left, he believed, later revealed, his wife's ear. He left her. He had a new life, "thought," was going to be the world's biggest star," says Robert.

Indeed, he was soon on handbooks. Neighborhoods had spotted him, and the police arrested him for the slaying of the country's 59th homicide victim. The news spread like wildfire. "They think P.W. will you see my parents?"

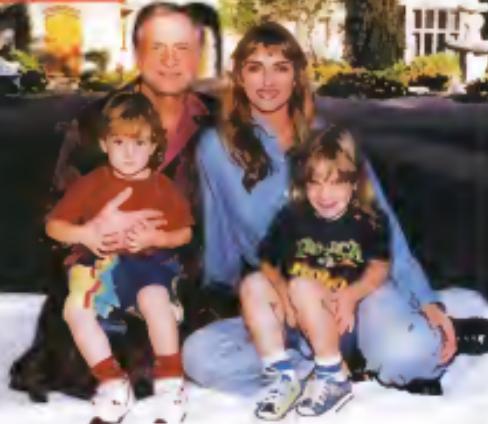
It was several months before Robert felt any remorse, he says. "I came slowly," after he agreed to go to a psychiatrist if the young offender court, where he had been since the day slaying, "cried a lot," says Robert, who speaks earnestly. "After four months, I began to act out first I find a audience. I think I'm getting better, but I'm not completely out yet. I can see now that my opinions at the time were too much for this town outside of reality."

Under Canadian law, a hearing is held for every teenager charged with murder to decide whether the accused should be tried as a young offender or in an adult court, where sentences are longer and served in a penitentiary. Robert's case was transferred to adult court. And in an interview with Maclean's, the psychiatrist who is treating him said he believes that was the correct decision. But that opinion brought angry rebukes from several of the doctor's colleagues, who argued that Robert should have remained in the youth system because he was such a young teenager. If that had happened, however, Robert would likely have been let out in three years, the maximum period of closed custody for a young offender convicted of murder. The psychiatrist insists that such a brief sentence would not allow him enough time to treat Robert properly.

Robert, now 18, faces three counts of first-degree murder and a possible life sentence. And it is unlikely that a pal will deal with him that harshly. Robert's psychiatric associate—obsessed by Maclean's—will recover much that he is bound to guilty by reason of temporary insanity. "He saw himself as helpless, worthless, worthless and completely dependent on his parents," says the psychiatrist, "yet he saw his parents as preventing him from living. This boy had to take psychology self-help to feel powerful and one of them was an obscene seed to kill his parents."

According to his doctor, Robert suffered from a "pervasive developmental disorder" with elements of paranoia.

Robert has his own ideas about what would constitute an appropriate punishment: "I don't think it's possible," he says. "But if a judge wanted to give me the death penalty, I would suggest that I can't do three terms, but I will never have a normal life. What would I tell a girl who would want to marry me?—By the way, I killed my parents two years ago?" Robert will go on trial later this year. □



# HEF AT HOME

The suavest bachelor turns family man

**I**t's party time at the Playboy Mansion—and this one, in celebration of the launch of *The Playboy Book*, a pictorial history commemorating the magazine's 40th anniversary, is shaping up to be a doozy. The host, eternal sophisticate Hugh Hefner, makes his entrance early, greeting many of the 300 people gathered by the pool, where pinhead-size Playmates have been known to frolic. The house flows freely, as does the conversation—but something is amiss. Where are the Bonnes—his friends, his crew, the demure puffs? A few Playmates are making the rounds, but they are women cocktail waitresses—and one is even accompanied by her middle-aged mother! Another drink? Two bar the bar class at 7:30 p.m. And by 10:30, most of the guests are trickling off into the Los Angeles evening. This must be an aberration. When do the legendarily all-nighters take place? *Playboy* staffer "They don't."

Times have changed. From the puritan



The first issue, the *Playboy* book  
To see children's toys in the *Playboy* Mansion is unusual!

era of libertinism, legitimizing the sexual revolution—for men, at least—with an ideology of personal and economic freedom. And Hef, as any *Playboy* reader knows, was the bachelor of bachelors, hedonistic, wavy and attractive. But now, even his 37-room estate

in the sunny Los Angeles suburb of Bel Air has adopted an unapologetic air of respectability with the *We Deserve* of the 1980s. At last month, he and his 25-year-old second wife, Vancouver-raised Kimberley Conrad Hefner, had been married for five years. And they have two sons, Marston, 4, and Cooper, 2. "This relationship has made my September years the best time of my life," he says. "It couldn't be better." Well, maybe. In a separate interview, Kimberley Hefner lets on that living with the Playboy icon has taken some adjustment. "He has had a lot of control over me," she says. "But I'm breaking away from that."

Signs of Hefner's domestication are scattered throughout the Mansion's 3½-acre grounds. The tennis court on the west side is perimetered with hedges. Big Wheely and little red wagons, while to the north lies a children's area where Marston and Cooper entertain neighborhood kids twice a week. And on the serene *Utopia* leading up to the Mansion, a tricyle sits with "Chirrion at play."

Setting in his wood-paneled library for an interview with *Maclean's*, Hefner still wears his trademark pugilist glasses and smoking jacket. But the pipe is gone, a casualty of his 1985 stroke and his case-a-day Pepsico habit is now a case-a-day Zepf Peppermint. "I'm Scott Fitzgerald and there are no second acts in American lives," says Hefner. "We managed to have a third act, and it has turned out to be the most fulfilling of all."

How he got there is astoundingly entwined with the history of *Playboy*. In 1960, Hefner, then a circulation manager with *Children's Adventures* magazine in Chicago, spent \$900 of his own money and \$10,000 more that he raised by selling shares to friends, on the first issue of *Playboy*, featuring a cover photo of Marilyn Monroe. It hit newsstands in December, selling 51,000 copies. With its lifelike pinups, high tone fiction—and male pictures—*Playboy* by 1962 had a U.S. circulation of one million. By the end of 1968, Hefner's Playboy Enterprises Inc. had grown into a worldwide empire of cameras, nightclubs and movie productions—and with a circulation of more than 6 million, it was the second most popular American magazine, next to *TV Guide*.

But the 1960s, and an increasingly segmented market in erotica, saw *Playboy* turn to *Bronx*, which had long been more explicit than *Playboy*, seemed once in communion to the new malaise of gonococcal profligacy and pure vulva. Circulation steadily declined, down to 3½ million in 1985, where it remains today. *Playboy* exists in London and Atlantic City, tiled. And the 1980s brought

Vancouver-born Playboy Dining Services by her encouraged husband took the show of *Playboy's* catalog of erectile romances. Those set-backs took their toll on Hefner—and his health. "The 1980s were a very turbulent time for me and for *Playboy*" he says. "And I do think that the stroke was a stroke of luck. It cleared my arteries domestically."

In 1988, he relinquished his position as chairman of Playboy Enterprises to his daughter Christie, one of two children from his previous marriage to high-school sweetheart Milie Williams, which ended in divorce in 1956. Christie Hefner, 41, took over the business as executive—her father still is editor-in-chief of the magazine. She put the company on the road, reporting a loss of \$3 million. (Then, after decades of losses with a string of *Playboy* castles—including Canadian Station Twisted and Carrie Leigh) he married Kimberley Conrad, the 1989 Playmate of the Year. She was born in Alabama, but raised in Vancouver since the age of 12. "There must be something going on in the Great White North," he says of his sonorous preference for Canadian women. "With Kimberley," he adds, "I realized very quickly that I had found something better than what had come before, and very clearly something better than what would be lying over the hill."

Hefner concedes that marriage and children go hand in hand with the Playboy philosophy. "It makes sense out of it all," he says. "I've managed to remarry, marriage and children. To see children's toys in the hall of the Playboy mansion is normal."

Later in the day, Kimberley Hefner sits poolside, watching her children play in the water. Dressed in tank top and shorts, and sipping refreshment water, the former Playmate says Hefner "is a really good father, a really good husband—he's my best friend." She speaks much of her time, she says, with her parents. The Mansion is home to some 10 dogs, and she also operates an informal animal rescue operation to find homes for strays. Work is a thing of the past, she has said modified since marrying Hefner. "I don't do anything," she says laughing. "I do nothing."

But life at the Playboy Mansion, she ac KNOWLEDGE can be like living in a falsehood. "People really watch," she explains. "When we were going through our difficulties—like all marriages go through ups and downs, and we've been going through them for the last year—we had a tendency to trust me completely. And it's a really weird area to live in people who I thought were good friends."

Last winter, she took the children to Colorado for a ski vacation—in the conversations, she suggests, of her husband? "Hef has his spats, though," she adds. "I go somewhere with a swimming grand, and they keep an eye on me."

Across the yard, gnomes stand by their tails on the brick walkways, and down a corner of the grounds comes the crackling ring of a jar, one of 18 on the estate. A great complaint that is followed by the *Playboy* mansion is a society nice one. "Yeah," she replies without much enthusiasm. "It's free."

JON CHODLEY in Bel Air

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## A MARRIAGE MADE IN SECRECY

The most popular people seem to have the smallest weddings. When Lisa Marie Presley, 26, the only child of Elvis Presley, secretly tied the knot with pop star Michael Jackson, 35, last May in the Dominican Republic, only the couple, the local judge who married them, and two others were present. Bride and groom had no time or reason to present themselves to the press. "It's Jackson's home away from home," Presley, 26, Jackson's 10-year-old son, told *Entertainment Weekly*. "He's got a great house there."

They also could have sprung for a five-day wedding, it's estimated to be worth more than \$100 million. Jackson's fortune is at least double that. So why the low-key nuptials? "We're very private people living in the glow of the public media," Presley said in a pre-

pared statement last week. "We both wanted a private marriage ceremony without the distraction of a media circus." As the newlyweds took shelter in New York City's Trump Tower, many observers questioned their motives, speculating that Jackson is trying to salvage a reputation tainted by allegations of child abuse made against him last year. Others, however, are prepared to believe the reclusive Presley. "I am very much in love with Michael," she said. "I dedicate my life to being his wife." With the intense media attention that has plagued the couple, her task could be a daunting one.



Zekowski: a  
sexual activist  
respected secretly  
by paparazzi

## FAT AND UNASHAMED

**R**ight: Zekowski describes herself as fat. "I don't think it's a negative word," says the 5-foot, 11-inch Whimpurger, who weighs 400 lbs. How he came to that conclusion is the subject of the recently released documentary *Fat Chance*. By turns harrowing and funny, the movie traces Zekowski's struggle for self-acceptance in a fat-phobic society. When *Slammin* began three years ago, the size was I was going to lose weight," says 67-year-old Zekowski, a child and family counselor. "I still believed at that

## MYSTICAL ORIGINS

**A**cross, author and New Age guru Shirley MacLaine has remained true to her roots. Although she has written seven best-selling books and has appeared in more than 40 movies, including the 1983 Oscar-winner *Tess of the Storm Country*, Va., still influences her first love: song and dance. Last week in Victoria, MacLaine launched a western Canadian tour of her *Singing and Dancing Musical Review*, which this month also travels to Vancouver, Calgary and Winnipeg. "It's all my original bookings since I started on the stage," she says. "It's still that I've compiled from all these pictures that I did that went to Broadway to become musicals, but I won't." But how, at 80, does she continue to look up a stage? "When you're a dreamer, the energy comes from an inner calendar," says MacLaine, pointing out that her quest for self-expression had an interesting genesis. "It was my Canadian past," she explains. "My mother is Canadian, born in Nova Scotia. I spent a lot of time in Canada when I was young. I think my mystical leanings probably come from Nova Scotia." No doubt.

MacLaine: 'The energy comes from inner calendar'



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Photo credit: *Shirley MacLaine: Singing and Dancing Musical Review*

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## The surfer poet

**E**ver champions have their limits for Lesley Choyce, Canada's reigning surfing king: the limit is 30°C. On any other day, summer or winter, Choyce rises early and, if surfing up, tosses a board into his car before heading for Lunenburg Beach, just a few kilometers from his 30-year-old homebase on Nova Scotia's rugged eastern shore. A prematurely young-looking 43, Choyce—surfer, writer, poet and publisher—retains an elderbit in a sport dominated by youngsters. His surfer's spirit, though, seems ageless. "When a wave presents itself, you try something, and if it doesn't work you get hammered," he explains. "But you put foot to the surface and try it again." A resilience, no doubt, for surfing professio, but also the perfect metaphor for his buoyant attitude towards life and art. On the surfboard, or in the keyboard, Choyce remains as refreshingly and unpredictable as those Atlantic waters he's so fond of riding.

Back in his crowded office on the second floor of his house, Choyce sips instant coffee and recounts the ways in which he hits his days. This fall, his 38th book, a Danube novella titled *The Rhythm of Nothing*, will be published by a Fredericton literary press. Then there is Patriarchal Press, the publishing company that he runs out of a back room and that will bring out writer W.P. Kinsella's new book of poetry this September. Choyce,

*'The key for me is trying to stay on the edge of popular culture'*

whips thin and writing words faded and a T-shirt on this day, also teaches English literature at Dalhousie University in Halifax, 30 km away, and hosts his own literary program on cable TV that is broadcast across the Maritimes.

But the author and writer also likes to stretch himself: each year he visits more than 200 public school classrooms, where he plays his acoustic guitar and entertains students with a combination of impromptu pop talk and performance art. Last month, moreover, he started in the second major video contest around him poetry "I guess I set out to find a way to avoid a regular career," he explains. "I didn't want to do anything serious. I wanted to do a number of things—and I wanted to do it my way."

Choyce of doing that seemed ideal in his native Vancouver, N.B., or in New York City, where he completed his Masters degree in English at the City University of New York. The tough, dramatic, extrovert shore of Nova Scotia, on the other hand, seemed to offer just the sort of simple, elemental life he and his wife, Terry, who New Jersey born, were after. Besides, there were those great waves, which Choyce first saw on a road trip with friends when he was 18. So, in July, 1977, the couple paid \$75,000 for the old furnace house where they still live. Choyce, who had already worked as a farmer, painter, rehabilitation counselor uni-

versity lecturer and well-digger, settled down and started to write.

His body of work defies categorization—Choyce's books span science fiction, fantasy and young-adult novels; collections of poetry and autobiographical and essays. He is as good as we'll as fast. Choyce won a finalist for the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award in 1985 and 1982, and in 1987 was short-listed for the Stephen Leacock Memorial Prize. His 1989 novel, *The Second Son* of James McPherson, the fictional memoir of a curmudgeonly Nova Scotia fisherman, also received favorable reviews. And last year one critic for *The Ottawa Citizen* went so far as to compare Choyce to Mark Twain and label him "a national treasure."

In his upcoming novel, being released in September by Generic Lake Editions—he does not publish his own work on principle—Choyce writes some buried treasures of known fact in a real, but little-known, historical incident—an eccentric attempt to declare Whistlers Island, a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia, independent from the rest of Canada. *The Republic of Nothing* is a big, sprawling novel that reaches out everything from the Vietnam War and the peace movement of the 1960s to Nova Scotia politics.

In real life, Choyce tends to be interested in the same subjects that he writes about—the environment, nature, politics, metaphysics, rock music and, of course, surfing. Last year, thanks mainly to a masterpiece known as the Fluster, he became the Canadian National Surfing Champion on his home Lunenburg Beach—a crown he defended on the same spot in September.

In truth, the demands on Choyce's life—he and his wife have two daughters, ages 14 and eight—limit his writing time. Even at sum-mer, the most he can muster is three hours a day at the computer keyboard. In the fall, teaching occupies much of Choyce's time; in winter, the publishing house him full swing. And, of course, things like music videos—his first one was shown regularly on the Much-Music channel—tend to get in the way.

But the double under-past, who calls himself "one of the 20 'happiest people in the world,'" is anything but stressed-out. On the contrary, as he sees now the career challenge, the more engrossing it becomes. Ultimately, Choyce hopes to adapt more of his work for film and television. But the man who fled the big city 15 years ago has no intention of going Hollywood. "The key for me is trying to stay on the edge of popular culture without going to the middle," says Choyce. Besides, he insists, memory or artistic reputation are not what he is seeking. "The whole idea for me is to make up my life as I go along," he says. "It's a kind of meandering myself."

Choyce, it seems, has his eyes forever peeled for that new wave on the horizon.

JOHN DEMONT / *Lunenburg, N.S.*



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BOOKS

# Women who write too much

Erica Jong's memoir reveals only insecurity

## FEAR OF FIFTY: A MIDLIFE MEMOIR

By Erica Jong  
(HarperCollins, 325 pages, \$29.95)

Sometimes, a writer's desire for recognition is so powerful that it can over-shadow even true talent and ability, trapping them to shock rather than reveal. Others endlessly recycle over-successful formulae now gone stale. In her latest book, *Fear of Fifty*, American writer Erica Jong has fallen prey to those sins and more. *Serialized: A Midlife Memoir*, the book purports to



Jong: 'shiring to be sexual, exclusive'

trace the inner workings of Jong's life, from her upbringing in an insular Jewish family on Manhattan's Upper West Side to autumn time at the age of 32—when she published the sexually explosive *Fear of Flying*—on

through four marriages, motherhood and a seemingly endless string of lovers. But with the exception of a few revealing passages, mostly in connection with her only child, Madly, the book is an emotional and intellectual mess. Full of heavy-handed attempts to bolster her reputation, it succeeds only in revealing a woman deeply unsure of herself as a writer and a person.

When *Fear of Flying* was published in 1973, it was instantly embraced by women—and even some men—looking for answers in the midst of a sexual revolution. Fresh and scandalous, it was one of the first main stream novels to talk frankly about women's sexual responses and fantasies. It went on to sell 12 million copies in 27 languages.

Unfortunately, Jong, 52, still seems to be riding on her 20-year-old laurels. Although she is a prolific author—she has written six novels and eight volumes of poetry and non-fiction since 1972—the reviews over the years have been mixed. In her new book, she fervently denigrates the criticism and lays the blame on greater politics. In Jong's bleak view, either she is attacked because she is a woman who writes candidly about sex, or she is shamed by other women mainly because she is feminist and successful. She asks if her "crisis" could be "dying to be eastbound, sexual, funny, opinionated, etc., etc." Not so. Her crisis, at least in this case, lies in writing a book that claims to provide insights into female sexuality, from-

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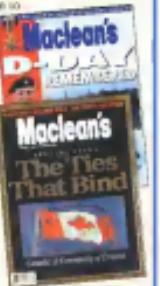
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## BOOKS

rites and songs—and silencing noise.

It is not for lack of trying. By her own account, Jong has tried to please from an early age, but it was not always easy to satisfy her ambition, if living, parents. She writes bluntly that her mother and two sisters "had long resented me for my success" and that her maternal and paternal aunt "constantly pashed her to live out her frustrated dreams." "Don't just have to lose me whether or not I'm still the best seller list," she laments at home after one of her books receives a poor review. Given such pressure, perhaps it is not surprising that in *A Few of My Favourite Things*, Jong describes herself as "a person who is unquenchably appetitive for sexual partners, and her love of life among the arts and literature, including thriller writer Ken Follett and IV star Jeanne Coates.

What is less comprehensible is the rather lack of attention to technique. For someone with degrees in literature from Barnard College and Columbia University in New York City and several books of accomplished poetry to his name, Jong displays an embarrassing lack of structure and style in *A Few of My Favourite Things*. She borrows from one unexpected declaration to another, sounding all too often like a may queen at a pre-tentious dinner party. The sophomore—"He liked hard books and soft women"—alternates with the ridiculous "[in the past] Pregnancy was an atrocious cash flow. Or was perceived as such—ADS is today." She also displays a stunning lack of empathy. Describing grieving friends after an untimely death, she calls it "our big Chali moment." And in女人 having trouble finding a male she suggests that "If you are currently lonely, it's not difficult to meet men."

For a woman writing a middle memoir, Jong seems oddly immature, especially in her relationships with women. "I have had to turn myself to pay as much attention to women as I pay to men," she says, adding that she has also forced herself not to antagonize older women's creative efforts. There is no other book in which Jong is genuinely concerned at two levels, her work and her mother. And if the first has taken some of her childhood ambivalence, 15-year-old Molly appears to be a refreshingly clear-eyed addition to her mother's self-aggrandizement. Near the end of the book, Jong describes how her mother struggled with an elderly aunt suffering from Alzheimer's disease. As she recalls, Molly takes on the obligation that is rightly her mother's, she gets the chores, the difficult trials that is home for the aging and the approaching death of her mother and that her mother's posting, consisting of doing a bigger title, will be preserved. If only Jong managed so far from her early insecurities could take stock of her own past achievements and admit that it is better to be silent when there is nothing new to say.

Priestley was something of a writing machine. He cranked out 20 plays, 39 novels and a great deal else—verse, memoir, history, criticism—a career that lasted over half a century. He was a writer of talent rather than genius, but while he never produced a masterpiece, much of his work for the stage is surprisingly well crafted. In the wrong hands, his dramatic flourishes can become slooow-and-dearly predictable, but director Sean Coughlan and Edie Baskin in an emotional honesty and clarity of motive that gives it punch.

*Edie* had its place in 1972, in the comfortable rural house of Sir Wilfrid Grey (Glen Shadlow). The dining room window looks out onto a winter, where the shifting light subtly reflects the play's moods. Sir Wilfrid's wife is dead, but his teenage daughter, Lilian (Sherry

## THEATRE

# A touch of Chekhov

J. B. Priestley's domestic drama evokes loss

Some authors are lucky—they get a second life. A case in point is J. B. Priestley, the British playwright and novelist who had fallen out of fashion long before his death in 1984 at the age of 89. A play he wrote in 1946, *An Inspector Calls*, is currently drawing large audiences as an inglorious star of National Theatre production showing simultaneously in London and New York. Many reviewers have praised the National for daring to revive Priestley—but much of the credit should go to Canadian Shaw Festival at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., which in the past six years has staged four Priestley plays, including *Inspector*, in record time. The festival's latest Priestley endeavour is a touching production of *Edie End*, a drama of family reunion set in the Yorkshire moors, which Priestley wrote in 1934.

The play is attracting large houses—almost 80 per cent of capacity. Its success is part of a strong season for the festival, which, after a \$200,000 deficit last year, is already eight per cent ahead of its 1994 box office target. "An artistic director Christopher Newton. It comes as no surprise that Priestley is enjoying a theatrical comeback. 'He's a canny writer, playwright of feeling, of remembered images,'" says Newton, comparing Priestley to the great Russian writer Chekhov. "He touches people by evoking an ineffable sense of loss."

Priestley was something of a writing machine. He cranked out 20 plays, 39 novels and a great deal else—verse, memoir, history, criticism—a career that lasted over half a century. He was a writer of talent rather than genius, but while he never produced a masterpiece, much of his work for the stage is surprisingly well crafted. In the wrong hands, his dramatic flourishes can become slooow-and-dearly predictable, but director Sean Coughlan and Edie Baskin in an emotional honesty and clarity of motive that gives it punch.



■ Sample cast of *Bridge* in Edie End.  
Above: *Edie*: "A touchingly playful  
of feeling, of remembered images."



Fieri), and their housekeeper, Sarah (Joan Plowright), look after him with a proprietorial fondness. It seems to be a grand, middle-class household, yet it holds a secret grief. The audience learns that Wilfrid has another daughter, Stella (Kathleen Battle), who became eight years ago to beleave an actress. When she disappears mysteriously, all the pain and questions surrounding her original departure resurface.

Had it been concocted by a contemporary playwright, such a situation might have descended into whibbly-blibbly. But the Kirby family self-destructing and mutual accusations. But while Priestley veers into the dark corners of these 30s together, he also conveys the decency and hand-woven contentment on which the Kirby household is founded. This creates a notion of crushed values—an ineffable but palpable sense of loss that permeates the play. The cast serves this plan wonderfully, bringing to life the old moments of the play on which so much depends.

The warm centre of the household is Sarah. While Wilfrid's spirit has languished in the course of her dedicated service to her father, Sarah still embodies her down-to-earth goodness everywhere. The old woman accords, warms, loves and guides us all: an expression of solid love. Sarah is one of the finest creations of Philippa Lowthian's outstanding career at Shaw. When she tells the just arrived Stella that "I hoped to be spared to see you come home," the line is not only credible, it becomes a moving reminder of Shaw's intimacy.

The other two women in the play also perform superbly. Steele's arrival this year from the Stratford Festival is a major gain for Shaw. She is able to convey the emotional life of her characters with a richness that makes them seem at once ordinary and luminous. When Stella asks the first deep cry of her housekeeping, "the smell of the earth on the roses," Steele makes the simple lines fresh and somehow thrilling. Meanwhile, in a less sympathetic role, Fieri gives Edie unexpected depth, hidden hurtfulness and an astute tenderness that help her character hold her own against Steel's more obvious charms.

Among the male roles, Tom Bentley's Dr Kirby is the most thoroughly convincing. He conveys an air of modesty, decay, aided with penetrating insights into the world's shortcomings. But the other actors, including Peter Newborough (as Kirby's son, Wilfrid), Anthony Beltramini (as Godfrey Forrest, Stella's old lover) and Michael Gove (as her estranged husband, Charles Appleby) are less successful. Gove's and Mansfield's English accents slide around like Willingborgs—though the actors still create a wobbly hand-shake sound. And both Gove's and Beltramini's characters seem too slight to move Steel's love for them credible. Yet if this *Edie End* is not perfect, it comes close enough—and provides the festival's contrasting leaps into the soft, cloaked landscape of J. B. Priestley.

JOHN DEMSEY

PATRICIA CHISHOLM



# A legend in his own mind

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

The man in Spain stays mainly on the plane. The definition is Canada resides mainly in the brain of Jacques Parizeau. He has become a victim of his own propaganda. He actually believes it, a man walking around in a vacuum of his own creation.

Creditors outside of Quebec are reassured by the inevitability of this election. The polls showing that the Parti Québécois will sweep. There is a softness, of course, among The Best of Canada (CBC), but no great stern-tutu squat—that being devoted to fish, dock, golf course and beer.

Behind the surface there remains a stubborn conviction that anyone who wants to break up a country is going to face big gains and drawbacks if. That is the self-delusion seen Parizeau has yet to realize.

Jacques Parizeau is a delightful man to see. Highly educated with an Oxford accent and a vocabulary that could put most Canadians to shame, he has the courtesy of an encyclopaedia—an education one might define as someone who is good at numbers but doesn't have the propensity to be an economist.

Some of him is hidden under the villainous at a French waiter, the drooping moustache, the heavy-lidded eyes, the ponderous speech. A simple lawyer or teacher gets it more right—with his simple earth and proletarian manner he is Judge Gleason, punctuating himself. The Bleusphere. He is a joy to watch, almost as embarrassing as the man he will never match, René Lévesque—now almost a saint in his presence.

Jacques Parizeau's only sin is that he is an economist, not engineering as a politician. Because he didn't do the numbers work that Quebec has the resources, the markets to be a new first, he can adamantly believe no.

Because he was a civil servant before switching into politics, he thinks only linear and logic matters. He doesn't know history, he doesn't know literature, he doesn't know love—all of that coming from the CBC he doesn't understand.



now. Canada, for good or evil, is probably the most decentralized country in the world. Its provinces have powers that the Americans have never contemplated granting.

Parizeau's strategy of beginning negotiations with federal officials in Ottawa immediately after his projected election win on Sept. 13 is compounded even by his doppleganger Lucien Bouchard. The federal government, as opposed to the provincial backroom-apper,笠 lone quite logically that no negotiations can begin until Quebec holds—and wins—an off-field referendum on applying to the United Nations for a seat along with Chad, Rwanda and Gaza Morris.

This extreme defiance between two groups headed for the same goal, naturally, excludes those who have an equal say in the matter. These would be the rare other provinces, who in their own quiet way are determined to have an ear in the water, no matter the obnoxious absence of Ottawa so far in the debate.

If Quebec ever were to separate (which we doubt), the terms would be decided by Quebec and Ottawa. They would be determined by some other provinces along with Quebec and Ottawa.

Are they going to saw the St. Lawrence Seaway at half? What are they going to do with all these godfathers of federalism now? What's working in their favour across the river at Hull? Does Parizeau the economist, whether an independent country, really think he can use the Canadian dollar as his currency, as he claims? Is really BMO, Bay Street, would have its views on this question?

Parizeau is a delightful figure, but a figure on the stage, the lurking shadow viewing his job as the position first president of the Principality of Quebec. Rather like Prince Rainier in Monaco. If the PQ wins the election as expected—thereby almost certainly Bouchard's role in Grasse—it will be intriguing watching them still struggle for the soul of the true separatists in their province.

"PQ wins"—not hopefully, but reasonably, safely and surely of all determinately—for its own sake—if it becomes necessary. It is that there are 10 provinces and that the one cannot dictate to the other nine the terms of possible separation. Alberta will have its say as well, in its own way, Newfoundland.

Jacques Parizeau is operating in a dreamland. As most legitimate bureaucrats do. As economists do. If he wins as predicted his election he is going to have to contend with real people. They are called Canadians. Our only wish is good luck.



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